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TO CONTENT.

BY ALICE CARY.

Maid, of sober mouth grown,
Clamant of my unfed sight,
Hearing in thy quiet eyes
Shadows of the thickest leaves,
Cloudy eyelids drooping down;

Hast thou gone in love among
Grave fields and heavy hours,
Leaving me to pain unseen?
I who never a duty owe
To thy grave robes I was young!

Fancy, grievance that goes
In the day-day, oft doth speak
Of thy healthy, radiant cheek,
And red mouth with smiles wherein,
Saying not singing, are no tears,

And that I have quite outgrown
Thy coy virginal meanings,
The regard they quench me,
When we wind along the steep
Sunning fields of spicy cows.

If, upleid out here love sight,
They have their way (in the downcome) ;
On some spot of rising ground
Remember with sweet sighs,
Grass that I may range my hands.

GLENDOWER;

OR,

THE NORTH SEA ROVER.

A STORY OF THE COAST AND WATERS OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Stephen Massett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXII.

A STRANGE INTERVENTION.

Long and weary weeks—weeks of wretchedness and months—had Margaret Glendower been confined within the narrow prison bounds of the old mansion at Woldhill. She had seen no human face since she had been there save that of the lady Lavinia, who waited upon her in everything. At first she had begged for mercy, and asked that one night be set free; but all hope of that was gone, and she now resigned herself to her fate, trusting that the mercy which was denied her on earth should be hers in the world to come. She had grown very pale and wan, and the close, unwholesome atmosphere of the place had rendered her weak and latterly.

She sat upon a chair by the side of the small table which stood against the wall, engaged in reading in the Bible—for the one privilege had been granted her—when the door of her prison was opened, and the lady Lavinia met her appearance. The old woman took a seat upon the only other chair which the place afforded, and having gazed for some moments into the pale face before her, she said—

"Well, Margaret Glendower, I've come to 29 some more. I should think you had been here long enough. Now tell me what I no long wanted to know. Tell me where that thing was done—where it was written down."

Margaret relaxed the old beldam's look with a calm, steady gaze, and finally replied—

"You ask me that question in vain, Lady Cleaveland. If my son is dead, I care not how soon I follow him, and if he lives, that record shall never be destroyed by any information of mine. You have my answer."

"You know that your son is dead," rejoined Lavinia, "and of course he can be affected in no way by earthly things. Tell me what I ask, and you shall live."

The only answer to this was a firm shake of the head.

"Then," cried the old woman, "the consequences you must bear yourself. You need not think that your denial will keep this thing from me. I will find it if I have to search the whole west parts of the earth. But," she added, in a lower tone, "I will give you one more opportunity. If you will tell me, even now, all may be well."

"You only waste words, my lady," was Margaret's answer.

Lavinia Cleaveland arose to her feet, and with unstirred curses upon her lips, she hobbled from the place.

"Thank God she's gone!" ejaculated the prisoner, when she was once more alone. "O—I cannot breathe when that woman is here. Why should she wish to know where that record was made? If it can be of no use to her, what should she be so anxious? There's more at stake than she would have me believe. Oh! my will! I begin to fear that I have been most fearfully wronged. If it should prove that they have lied to me from the first—that my husband was all he should have been—that my son has no stain upon his name—oh, God of mercy! I dare not think of it!"

The poor woman's head sank forward upon her hands and she bowed down like an aspen. It was not the first time the thought had come to startle her. She had entertained it before, and it had brought such agony upon her as she had no previous notion of. The behavior of the blind hag who persecuted her—her anxiety, and her eagerness to get at that secret—all tended to confirm her in the opinion. If such should be the case, she felt that she would die a thousand deaths ere she would yield an atom.

At noon Lavinia made her appearance again, this time bringing the food and drink which was to last for four-and-twenty hours. She placed the tray upon the table, and then stood for some time, and regarded her prisoner with an eager, searching look.

"Margaret Glendower," she said, "won't you tell me?"

"I will not!"

"If I would let you out from here, wouldn't you?"

Margaret started, but she knew that the hope that held out was a false one, and she answered—

"No!"

"If I could bring you back your son, wouldn't you?" added the beldam, bending her searching eyes more keenly upon her prisoner.

"You only lie to me when you insinuate that you can restore my son," returned Margaret, shaking off the hopeless phantom which the words had called for an instant to her presence. "Let me see him—let me know that he lives—ere you mention his name in such connection."

"I shall ask you no more," said Lavinia, with a mad scowl, "so you can have your own way from this time." She cast a quick glance at the aerial as she turned away, and her dark eyes gleamed with a burning light.

The old woman had been gone some fifteen minutes, and Margaret was upon the point of eating some of the food, when she heard some one at work upon her door. It seemed to be some one unacquainted with the bolts and bars, though the way was at length opened, and the visitor entered the cell. It was a female, and her countenance was familiar. She came in with a cautious movement, with her finger upon her lip, and having closed the door softly behind her she advanced to the table, and pulled the tray, upon which were the food and drink, over upon her side.

"Don't you know me?" she said, in a whisper, gazing sharply into the prisoner's pale face.

"It is the lady Annabella," replied Margaret, in surprise.

"Ay—I thought you'd know me. Have I changed any since you saw me last?"

"It was many ages ago when we last met," said Margaret. "We have both grown older."

"So we have," responded Annabella. "We have grown older fast. And many strange things have happened the while. The banks have been pouncing upon the dowse, and the bankers have been stealing the banks. And those have been storms and tempests, too. Perhaps you didn't know that. You haven't seen the great sea in its fury, looking the frail barks above the valley of the shadow of death?"

"Alas! I have seen it in my dreams and in my fears!" replied Margaret, thinking of the love of her boy, and feeling that the fearful shadow of that event.

"Ha! there you!" cried Annabella, with a sudden start. "Have you ever seen the ocean swallow up your very life?"

"More than life!" groaned Margaret.

"Ye powers of earth, of air and of water," pronounced the countess, solemnly, and with folded hands, "hear ye the new words that are spoken. How then life?—Aye—some very core?"

Margaret gazed upon her visitor at first with astonishment, but gradually the truth dawned upon her. The woman's mind was shattered, and the expression upon her face was sad and mournful. She seemed to have no fear of the prisoner, nor did any glance of hers betray the least ill feeling. She gazed fearlessly about the place, as though she would assure herself that she was alone with her companion, and then she called—

"The storm is past, and the sea has calmed its ewe, and there we must let them rest. But the drowned is still standing, and the down are not all dead. Did you ever hear of a hawk's breathing death from his nostrils into the body of a dove?"

"No," said Margaret, hardly realizing what she said, for the woman gazed so strangely upon her that she could think of nothing else.

THE DISTURBED CRAVENT.

"But there are such things, Mrs. —— What is your name now?"

"Mrs. —— I—I—I forget, with a distressed look. "Have you such things?" Annabella stopped speaking, and cast a horrid glance about her apartment. Then leaning over the table, she asked, in an earnest whisper—

"Have you any sign of his bread?"

"No," replied Margaret, startled, not only by the speaker's manner, but by the idea conveyed.

"Have you any sign of his?"

"No."

"Then the hawk won't breathe into your body."

As Annabella thus spoke she drew a large bag from under her dress, and having placed it upon the table, and cast another of those anxious, horrid glances about the room, she proceeded to take from it various articles of food.

"There," she whispered, when she had done, "you must eat this, not on account touch anything of food which that old woman brings to you."

"But," gasped Margaret, trembling with apprehension, "what does it all mean? Why have you done this?"

"Am you blind? Can you not guess?"

"I dare not try."

"Ah—yes, and old Annabella, Margaret Glendower," said Annabella, "for you are safe. I know your sign that my mother had something hidden away down here, and many times I have tried to follow her, but she would detect me and send me back. I wondered at length, however, and found the key that opened the way to the outer passage through which she had been wont to go. And I'll tell you more. He, he, he—she doesn't dream how I have watched her. I've had my eye upon her by the hour, at a time when she thought she had safely locked me in her own room. Ah, he—it's as good as hunting a fox to track her. I have her work, and I know her talk to herself. I am her pet darling, you see. And I heard her mutter her plans to herself. I tell you, woman," she continued, rising suddenly, and with energy, "there's death in the food she brought you!"

Margaret knew that she had was touched, and yet there was such a simple earnestness of truth in her tone and manner, that she could not help believing her. As soon as she had recovered from the first effects of what she had heard, she said—

"I hope you would not deceive me."

"Deceive you?" Annabella repeated, warmly, feeling that she had been taken down in dignity. "Do you think I would run the risk of that which you suppose for so small a game? No,—I came to keep you—to save you."

"To save me?" cried Margaret, with sudden hope. "Can you lead me from this place?"

"Not now—not now. The hawk is still scaring above us, and should you leave the dovecot now she might swoop down upon you ere ye knew it. No, no, not now. But mind what I have said. Don't you touch a morsel of anything she gives you. Let's have a deep watch to-night, then I'll see what she don't poison you."

She interrupted the prisoner, as her visitor arose to leave, "allow me a few words upon your own affairs. Have you any friends in London?"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Annabella, in a hollow, unnatural tone, "wouldn't she be astonished if she knew I had found her out?"

"But," pursued Margaret, "why have you come to me so?" Tell me that, I pray you."

"Because I couldn't help it," replied the countess, shortly and emphatically. "You don't know what the sea swallowed up. You don't know how long the devil has been stirred. Oh! how the tempest howls!" She ceased speaking, and for a moment bowed her head in thought. Then she gazed into Margaret's face, and moving close to the table, and bending over it, she whispered—

"I suffered when you suffered. The same hand that struck you struck me! The same hour that the evil spirit gained power over your way was upon my life as eternal midnight. Your hands have bent of iron, while mine have been of gold; and did they know that I now spoke as I do, I doubt not the old woman would feed me as she fed you now. This is all true, so help me God!"

"One moment more," cried the prisoner, as the strange woman again attempted to leave.

"Then you must be quick," replied the countess, "for it might be the death of both of us were she to catch me here."

"I would ask of my son. Do you know where he is?"

"Ask the storm and the tempest!" pronounced Annabella, with the old solemnity. "Ask the sea, and search in the deep valley of the shadow of death. I can tell you nothing."

With this she turned and left the apartment, closing and bolting the door after her. It was some time ere Margaret could concentrate her thoughts upon anything but what she had heard; but finally she composed herself, and soon summoned her manner to her aid. She was not at all surprised that the lady Lavinia should try to poison her, for she had suspected for a long time that the beldam entertained some such plan. Nor could she doubt the truth of Annabella's information, or the honesty of her purpose. She very soon received to eat the food with the latter had brought, and next to that which had been brought before. But why had the mother of the earl come? What strange meaning could there be to the mystic words she had spoken upon that point? Upon this she pondered and conjectured a long time. There was a dim possibility of the case to be mind, but she could not shape it to reason. She pondered over it while she ate, and while she paced her narrow prison, and when she slept she dreamed upon it; and then awoke to conjecture again.

On the following day, towards noon Lavinia Cleaveland came again. She seemed surprised to find her prisoner sitting quietly in her chair, and she tried to lull the latter's suspicions as quickly as possible. She cast her eyes hurriedly over the room—upon the table, upon the bed, and upon the floor,—and then hobbled to a chair and sat down.

"I hope you've all the food ye had?" she asked, looking sharply into Margaret's face.

"I have eaten my food all up," was the reply.

"All—all?"

"Have did ye happen to have such an enormous appetite?"

"That's more than I can tell; though I suppose I could have disposed of more if I had had it."

"Then you'll hurt yourself, eating so much. Don't ye find any bad effects from it?"

"Why—do you ask me plainly," said Margaret, "the bread did not agree with me as it has usually done, and it would not stay on my stomach."

"Oho—ye vomited it up, eh?"

"Yes," replied the prisoner, who felt no shame of concealment in describing such a weakness, and for such a purpose.

"Then you're safe anything from it since?"

"Only a little nausea, and a slight pain in the head."

"Well, well," said Lavinia, with a peculiar twist of the wrinkled features, "I don't see what it could have been. I let one of the new cooks make that bread. I must be more careful hereafter."

She got away as soon as she could, and in the course of a couple of hours returned with a loaf of new bread, and some broth.

"There," she said, as she placed them upon the table, "you'll find these taste not only very nice, but they'll correct your stomach. I hope your food won't trouble you again."

Margaret had no difficulty in seeing now that the old woman meant mischief, for she had never before exposed any concern touching the welfare of her prisoner, nor noticed whether the food was eaten up or not.

Towards the middle of the afternoon Margaret heard the bolts of her door withdrawn, and pretty soon the lady Annabella came in. She looked around carefully, as before, and then advancing to the table she threw forth a bag, and emptied some bread and cold meat upon it.

"How did she act?" What did she say?" the countess asked, in a whisper.

Margaret related what had transpired.

"Ha, ha, ha," the strange woman laughed. "We've trapped the hawk now. I watched her when she came away from here, and I saw her fix up those taits. She's got a new poison in 'em—she'll think the bread wasn't right. I don't know what she'll do next; but you'll know what to do. I'll take care of what she does outside, and you must look out for what she does here. Throw those away, and trust to me. I'll make the sky rock yet."

"Lady—dear lady—"

"No a word. You don't know all I know."

And with this Annabella hurried out.

"Never mind," said Margaret, to herself, starting to her feet, and clasping her hands. "I'll trust her—I'll trust her with my very life. She is not evil looking. She has suffered, and is worn in spirit. I think there is hope in her presence. Hope?—And of what?—of life. Oh! and what can life be to me now? Yet how my poor eyes turn clear to it when the dark angel flaps his wings over us?"

CHAPTER XXIII.

A NEW TROUBLE AT WOLDHILL.

Towards the close of the day a boat, in which were three men, touched the shore at the retreat pool to Woldhill. One of them got out upon the land, and the other two pulled away to sea again. His step had left the land was bold—very bold—and pale as death. His frame was yet lean in its proportions, but its bulk appeared only as the framework of flesh, which the grave could not hold. The cheeks were sunken all away, till only the skin seemed left clinging to the bones, and the temples were hollowed out beneath the clustering, clotted locks of mass of matted hair. He stood and watched the boat until it had rounded the headland and passed from sight, and then he turned towards the path that led up through the road. He walked very slowly, and with a weak, tottering step, over and anon pressing his hand upon his brow, as though he suffered sharp pain there. Many times was he forced to stop and sit down by the wayside, and more than once did it seem as though he must fall and lay there to die. He was will, which even the presence of death could not overcome, enabled him to overcome the weakness, and he finally reached the gates of Woldhill. It was dark when he entered the broad avenue, and he saw no servants about he proceeded at once to the main portal, where he pulled the heavy ringing clap, over and anon pressing his hand upon his brow, and leaning for sufficient sharp pain there. Many times was he forced to stop and sit down by the wayside, and more than once did it seem as though he must fall and lay there to die. He was will, which even the presence of death could not overcome, enabled him to overcome the weakness, and he finally reached the gates of Woldhill. It was dark when he entered the broad avenue, and he saw no servants about he proceeded at once to the main portal, where he pulled the heavy ringing clap. The summons was soon answered, and the visitor inquired for Sir Thomas Cleaveland. The servant ushered him in to a small reception room, where a breezy hanging lamp was burning, and there left him.

In a little while the earl came. He started back with surprise as the gaunt figure rose from the cadaverous form before him, and for a moment he seemed to doubt whether the presence was a living, sentient being.

"Sir Thomas Cleaveland?" he finally gasped. "Is it you?"

"Aye, Sir Thomas,—it is the North Sea Rover, returned from his last cruise."

Again the earl was startled. He had never before heard such a voice as hollow, so weighted, so utterly unearthly. It was deep and rumbling, like the low echoes of some heavy thunderpeal as they fade away among the far-off mountains.

"Whence come you?" Sir Thomas asked, as soon as he could command himself.

"From the sea," answered the pirate chieftain. "I have been tossed upon the waves for months, a beacon, and leaning forward in his seat, "before I speak more, will you give me a drink of wine? Let it be the old Moorish, for that has power. I am sick, sick unto death."

The earl did not call a servant, but he went himself; and when he returned he brought a large bottle and two glasses.

"There," he said, as he placed the beverage upon the table, near which he had set a chair, "you will find that of the true stamp."

The pirate filled a glass and one of the goblets thrice, and as the generous wine began to give forth its warmth, he, for the first time, looked around him like a fish came to his doubly face.

During this time the earl had regarded him with curious expression of countenance. At first he seemed to wish that the outlaw were anywhere else rather than there, but gradually as he had time to reflect, he remembered that he had some questions which he would like to ask, and he also remembered that the man before him was wholly in his power. This last thought seemed to give him relief at once, for his look brightened, and his manner was more warm.

"Is your vessel in the bay?" he asked, after the pirate set the goblet down.

"No," returned Glendower, with a sad shake of the head; "she's at the bottom of the sea!"

"How? cast away?"

"Aye—swept off by storm and tempest; and I, of all my brave fellows, live to tell the story."

"What! all dead but yourself?"

"All, all but me! I—who was not half alive, I, who was at death's door when the tempest came—alone survived. We made a raft; three were eight—only eight—of us left to float away upon it.

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My sweet compassion—seven stout, hearty men—fell away before my eyes—died with hunger and thirst—died with such horrid agony as I hope I may never hear again. I had saved a flask of wine, which I had hidden away in my pocket. Had my compassion lasted of it, it would have gone in a twinkling, without doing any good; so I kept it to myself, and, in the darkness of the night, when no one could see my movements, I placed it to my lips, and drew nourishment and life therefrom. Thus I lived—lived to see my comrades die—lived to be picked up by a passing Spanish soldier, and was landed here."

And why should you have come here?" asked the cur!

A bright light gleamed in the pirate's sunken eyes, the muscles of the face were suddenly convulsed, as though by some strong emotion, and for an instant he seemed carried into a new life; but this effect soon passed away, and then he replied—

"I came for two reasons: I had nowhere else to go; and I suspected you might like to know how fared our work."

A pale, quickly and anxiously returned Sir Thomas, "and you supposed right. I have been very anxious—I'd knowing how your work was done. Did you put them both away?"

"They both went overboard from my vessel," replied Olcon, with a slight twinkling of the nether lip. "They went over at night, in gloom and darkness, the way from land, and for enough, then, from help."

"Then they are dead."

"Unless some passing ship chanced to pick them up."

"Then you did not kill them first?"

"No."

"But do you think they could have been picked up?"

"There have been such things, to be sure."

"But if 'twas at night, and dark—"

"Twas pitchy dark."

"—they must have gone. So we'll let them pass. But tell me—has your old wound broken out again?"

"Ay!" answered the pirate, with a fearful contortion of his face, "and a new one has been added. The same hand that drove the cutlass-blade into my bosom, sent a pistol-ball in the same direction. It lodged somewhere over my heart, and no surgeon has ever been able to find and chase them, and is surely wearing my life away."

"But those same Gloucester lads—I'm sure you should have seen that he was disarmed."

"We did disarm him once, but he got the pistol nevertheless."

"By my soul! that fellow has proved a thorn for you. You must feel some satisfaction in knowing that he is dead at last."

"Yes," said the pirate, moodily; he has done me injury enough; but, with sober thought, I know not that I can blame him. In all the injury he has done me he has been on the side of right. That is more than either you or I can say, my lord."

The pirate gazed sharply into the earl's face as he spoke, and there was much of bitterness in his tone.

"How now?" cried Sir Thomas, his face flushing in a moment. "What mean you by that?"

"I mean what I say," replied Gruskov, with a cool smile. "Surely, you said I need not to remember our former services. When you fled to the cold head of death slowly grasping at your throat, you may forget some of your evil actions to me, and find new ones taking their place. You may set aside the memory of such as were passed over you, and call in mind only those real injuries which have been done to you."

"Hold!" exclaimed the earl, with a show of anger, but with more show of nervous uneasiness. I want none of your gloomy sarcasm. I am old, weak and failed, and but better be shown into a room where you can find rest."

"The very thing I was about to ask, my lord, for I am very weak. My walk up the hill has well nigh exhausted my strength."

"Then wait you here a moment, while I go and see where we can most conveniently put you."

As the earl left the room, the pirate gazed after him with no ungenerous feeling in his eyes.

"By the holy powers!" he muttered to himself, "I wish I could see behind all this. If he has, as I suspect, there'll be strange times at Woldhill. I think my eyes do not deceive me. Such force do not come by mere chance. Alas—I think there's trouble in the wind, my lord, and I cannot yet tell if I know more than ye wot of!"

After this he sank into a thoughtful mood, and ever and anon low moans of pain would escape him, as he pressed his hands upon his bosom. At length the earl returned, with a lamp in his hand, and bade the pirate follow him. The wasted man arose slowly from his seat, and leaning upon the other goblet of wine, he walked painfully on after his guide. The apartment to which he was conducted was away in an extreme corner of the other part of the building—the most which he had once before occupied, and when he reached it, the earl placed the lamp upon the table, and let down the heavy curtains over the windows.

"I think you will find the bed soft enough, and the air not over enough," he said, turning towards his guest.

"Soft enough, and pure enough, I guess," said Gruskov.

"There's one question I would like to ask," added the earl: "Did you meet anybody while on your way hither?"

"No."

"And you did not see anybody?"

"Not a soul. But what of it?"

"Nothing—only I thought I would like to know. The news abroad that you were here before, and people wondered what the North Sea Rover was doing under my roof. I would not have them know that you are here now."

With this Sir Thomas bade his guest good-night, and then went below and joined his grandmother, whom he found in a high state of nervous excitement.

"What ails you now?" he asked, taking a seat by her side.

"Enough, enough," she replied. "It is that accursed pirate! He is here again, I understood you rightly when you passed through here a short time since."

"Yes—he is here, grandmother; but he will not remain long."

"He must not," said Lavinia.

"He cannot," rejoined the earl, "for he is well nigh dead now. He cannot survive many days, if I can judge from his looks."

"But why should he come here to die! Perdition seize him! Why could not the sea have swallowed him up long ago! He must not survive a day! He must not see another sun sink to rest! You must help him on the dark road as swiftly as possible! Do you understand?"

"Ay," returned the earl, with much surprise; "I understand what your size is; but I would also understand why it is. In mercy's name, what have you so much to fear from this pirate?"

"Enough! enough!" cried the old woman, excitedly. "I tell you he must die before the close of another day! It is enough for you to know that there is no safety while he lives—and, above all, while he lives beneath this roof. You could not have Annabella—"

"Speak on. You were going to say that you would not have my mother as his."

"Ay, boy," returned the beldam, hastily. "I was going to say so. She must not see him."

Sir Thomas was startled now. What could this mean? His bold heart had never known the misgivings of the pirate till his curiosity was wrought to a high pitch—and now, for the second time, did a dark man to more than worry him; and now this new development came with distasteful force.

"By heavens!" he exclaimed, "I must know what secret you have hidden away from me! I can not—I—I can give this pirate a portion that will lift him over death's threshold in a twinkling; but I must know why I do it. I will wait for you back on more."

"Wait in the dark?" repeated Lavinia, with exceeding bitterness. "You'll work in the dark with a vengeance if you abide not by my word. Do as I bid ye, and leave the rest with me."

"I cannot—I will not," returned the earl. "Give me the information I seek, and then I'll work with a will. Should do you think I am a mere boy, that cannot be trusted with a woman's secret?"

"You're a fool! I tell ye, you know not what you ask. By your head, you'll better drop into your grave than very night, or even change places with the least than creeping thing on earth! Would you than have your mother see and know that pirate? If there's more at all left in your bosom, you'll not obey me."

"Pray?" gasped the earl, grasping his teeth with rage, as he started across the room with the most I ever this! Am I but a suspended feather, which a woman's breath can blow about at will?"

"You'll find it so to your sore cost, boy," returned the beldam, with a look of deep malignity. Let your mother blow one of her mad puffs on you, and all the power of mortal man is blown sure you!—Hark!—What sound was that?"

"Sounds like thunder," returned Thomas.

"But I did," resumed Lavinia. "I heard a sound by the door. Go and see if there's any one there."

The earl hurried to the door and opened it, and looked out into the hall, but saw nothing. He then he gone out and made search, he might have found a feeble figure crouching against the wall in the next-room; but he thought not of that. He returned and informed his grandmother that he had found nothing.

"Was there nothing at all?" she asked.

"Nothing."

"But I surely could something."

"Perhaps you did, grandmother. There's nothing there. And now to this pirate."

"Ay—to this pirate," exclaimed the beldam, starting up from her chair, and stamping her foot upon the floor. "Let him die as soon as he can—must die soon at best,—so there can be no great loss of time in him."

"I am ready to do my part when you have done yours," pronounced the earl.

"Then see that you do it upon the warning."

"But you have not answered my question. You have not told me what—"

"You'll! cried Lavinia, with another stamp of her foot. "Do you know me, boy? Am I to be disputed? I have told you what must be done. If you have not the courage to do it, I will do it myself. Question, it will fall fearful upon yourself. Ay—I will fall with a curse that would pull down perdition to shame! Now mind me, and live. I have work to do as well as you. And no mortal word could be spoken she had hobbled from the room.

For a long while Thomas Cleaveland walked up and down the apartment in a frenzy of anxiety and excitement. What the beldam meant, he brought his heads together with a mad movement, and stopping forth, he put his hand—

"I'll tell him—I'll put out the lingering flame that burns in his bosom, and leave it with the last ray safely supplies it. But I have not done with her yet. By the powers of hell, however, she shall tell me her secret if I have to drag it from her lips at the point of the sword. I'll not be toyed with by a feeble woman, and a crazy one at that. I will stand over it—I'll know it if I live!"

And at the same moment he was down in her chamber, muttering to herself.

"I was too hasty," she said. "I told him too much. I must curb this passion of mine, if he will not curb his curiosity. Ha—I see—my old I let my foolish tongue run out. Ah-a-a!" she mumbled, in a harsh, grating tone, as she sidled towards the bed, "the toil—the trials—the hopes—the one great science of my lifetime, must not end in utter failure now."

And still she felt a chill hand upon her which neither faith nor hope could dispel.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FORESHADOWINGS.

Emma Dean had been piled with dreams and premonitions all the night before the day of her wedding. All the good she life can afford had been promised her if she would become the wife of the earl, and let his torture and suffering. She remembered how she conceive had been threatened for her if she refused. Thus she held up without flinching, though the sufferings had been great. She had been assured that she was compelled to choose between the one who held her, and that there she must remain until she consented to be the dead that would be with her. She had watched from her window for some friendly face, that she might send a written line to those who would help her; but no friendly face had been seen. Her windows overlooked a bleak spot, with a high stone wall in the foreground, beyond which was almost inaccessible to human feet. She had heard her imprisoned companions there, and some moans of escape from her prison, but to no avail. The door was kept locked, and the bars, narrow entrances, within which the windows were set, were armed with stout bars of iron fixed in the outer wall.

It was early in the morning, and Emma had just performed her ablutions, and was sitting at one of the windows, the casement of which she had opened, when she was interrupted by the entrance of Lavinia Cleaveland. The old woman hobbled up, with the wobbling gait and the peculiar face all wrought into an ugly scowl, and sank into a chair. She gazed into the maiden's face till she had recovered her breath, and then, while still the scowl changed to an expression of cool, iron purpose.—

"Well, Lady Emma, we have fixed upon the manner in which the difficulty between us shall all be settled. You will be married in just one week. Mind you—this is all arranged."

"You need not have taken the trouble to inform me of it," returned Emma, in an icy tone.

"But it concerns you very particularly, girl."

"It might if there were any truth in it."

"Ah—there you are, eh?" muttered the old woman, with a horrible contortion of the face. "Mayhap ye still think to overcome us! Why, my dear young lady, just let me whisper something in your ear; you are as dead to the world as though you did not live. Every soul at Ravensdale, with the single exception of your pardon, thinks you dead. There are only three human beings who know that you are living, and they are not those who know that you live! Now, do you realize how completely you are in our power, and how sure must be your fate if you do not comply with our wishes?"

Emma had suspected this—she had feared it from the first—but yet it startled her to hear it thus announced.

"Go on," she said, quickly recovering herself and speaking with much composure, as the development of villainy or unkindness can surprise me. I know full well that you have power to a certain extent—perhaps as far as human power can go; but there are limits even to that, and you can have no control."

"But I have heard that will," said the beldam, with confidence.

"It can only be when my life-cords snap in sunder," was the reply, and with equal confidence.

"Then we'll make a trial at it," said Lavinia, with a chill. "Should do you think I am a mere boy, she added, with horrible distinctness, "let me give you a sample now that strong which you shall pass. To-morrow, if you remain stubborn, your mother shall be called up with cold plank, and you shall live in darkness. On the next day a little bread and water shall be given to your self, in your only relief. On the next it shall be cut down one-half. And if you hold out beyond that, your sources of hope shall be cut off, and you shall be left to die a lingering, painful death. I will keep my word, girl, and you will find me a true friend. What think you of that?"

It was terrible force from the maiden's lips, while a shudder shook her whole frame.

"You will not dare to do this!" she said.

"Only with horror at the thought that such inhumanity could ever abide in the human bosom," returned Lavinia, instinctively shrinking from the foul presence before her. "Have not I already told you that I am a fiend? Have not I no doubt to terrible that it could move me to compassion? Have you not seen?"

"We shall see," said the hag, rising from her seat, and hobbling towards the door. "I will not see. You'll find, as life begins to wane, your mother will become dear to you."

The old woman went out, and shut and locked the door behind her, and Emma could hear the faint echoes of her footsteps as she hobbled along. A poor girl had been visited so much by the beldam, that she knew the sound of her peculiar footfall; and she might not have been much moved now had not the dreadful threat which she had just heard laid out in detail before her. She believed that both the name of and the power of Lavinia Cleaveland was no way of escape from the horrible fate. She was still sitting in her chair, pondering upon the things she had heard, when her attention was aroused by a tapping and fluttering close by her, and on looking around she saw the pirate's bird upon the stone ledge just outside the bars of her window. It was a ruby-throated humming-bird, to be regarding her with an inquiring gaze. She knew not what to make of the visitor.

"Jordan!" she said, stretching forth her hand.

But the bird only fluttered its wings, moved the bars, and skipped about on the window's ledge. Emma was startled, for she knew that it was unusually against her check, against her breast, and then it flew away. She had not the power, to show how happy and joyous he was that he had found his lost mistress.

"Dickon! Dickon! Dear, dear Dickon!" Emma cried, finding the bird with gushing tears. "Oh, you have not forgotten your mistress! And this act left to comfort me in the trial that is to come! Oh, Dickon, you are a blessed bird!"

And the faithful bird seemed to understand it all, and was overcome with emotion, and in his own speech of his brilliant eye. For a long time Emma forgot her own sorrows, and bent a watchful caresser, and only the thought of how much comfort he had brought to her heart at last gave her consciously

THE LADY OF LISLE.

BY WILLIE E. PASCO.

I.

You do me wrong, Lady of Lisle!
You hate young men, and need not to be.
And truly no homage she wants,
Yet, when I whisper, I love thee,
Lady of Lisle, Lady of Lisle,
You stab me with your scornful smile.

II.

You do me wrong, Lady of Lisle!
You provoke with your pride, and then
When Love interprets sigh and smile,
You take the answer back again,
Lady of Lisle, Lady of Lisle,
Is your white heart quite free from guile?

III.

You do me wrong, Lady of Lisle!
I ask in vain and yet again.
What is the meaning of your smile
If love the sign cannot retain?
Lady of Lisle, Lady of Lisle,
I think yet curse you all the while.

IV.

You do me wrong, Lady of Lisle!
Making me play love court pranks;
Wooing me on, and all the while
Sheathing a dagger in my hanks.
Lady of Lisle, Lady of Lisle,
I feel it enter when you smile.

HARRY WILMOT:

OR,

THE HUNTER'S MISHAP.

BY CORA BELL.

Harry Wilmot was indeed the scape-grace or naughty boy of the base, thieving, gossiping village of Ashdale; but there was perhaps, too strong expression to apply to him—for Harry's faculties for mischief were either of the active or passive, than the active kind. He was a tall lumbering young fellow, something over twenty, with a frank, open countenance, and a pair of bold blue eyes that were almost half concealed from observation in his heavy fall of light and long curling good nature were legibly stamped in every lineament; and were it not for a certain indolence about his mouth, which only a physiognomist could detect, his countenance would have been perfect. His fine figure struck one immediately; nearly six feet three inches in height, full limbed and muscular athletic; his shoulders wide and evenly spread, falling down in a gentle undulation; his chest deep, swelling and swelling, promising great power and a powerful constitution. Harry, when he drew himself up to his full height, was in symmetry and attitude, a model for a sculptor; but, in general, his appearance was somewhat awkward in its grace, having contracted a slight stoop, and a loose, slouching gait, from the habit of throwing a game bag (which was seldom empty) over one shoulder, hanging his head on his breast, and grasping his rifle or a stout stick in his right hand, in which style he was wont to pace forward at a rate that no companion could emulate.

Harry Wilmot had graduated with some success as a medical student, but after a time left college, though ostensibly engaged in a course of study, his time had been chiefly occupied in fishing, shooting and love-making. He had been brought up by an old uncle, to whom Dead Indigence he probably owed some of his careless, lazy habits; and this uncle had early been apprised to strange ears. The good old lady had lived and died in the direst belief that *her Harry* was the truest, bravest, finest man in the world; in fact, an abridgement of all perfection.

One other person in the village had always most cordially coincided with Mrs. Davis in her appreciation of Harry's merits; and that was Ellis Wilde, the Judge's fair daughter. Harry and she had been playmates from childhood; he had been her champion on all occasions of disputed rights—they had gone to school together, had read out of the same book; and when the mysteries of arithmetic and algebra had become too obstruse for poor little Ellis to fathom, Harry had lifted the fog of light on the subject, or had cut the gordian knot by "Rule" there no problem could resist. Growing up, they had met each other too often at bees, quiltings, hunting and cutting excursions, at all those delightful social gatherings where young and old meet together in the country, not to fall irretrievably in love.

Ellis had many admirers, and love certainly did not blind their eyes when they said that she was beautiful, for a more bewitching maiden never threw the spells of discord among the hearts of the small—and we were going to say light as a fairy—but, no, she was rounder, plumper, and would have been no inconsiderable weight for a hero of romance to carry; her face, too, was of that style of beauty which owns its chief charm to youth, and to consists rather in color, freshness and expression, than in regularity of features; but there was one more peculiar charm about her that riveted the attention, and gained for such a number of admirers. Some said it lay in her brown, laughing eyes, and her coquettish way she had of stealing back from her rosy cheeks a quantity of curling ringlets; others, that she was always so gay and animated, that the smile every one loved to see came near her.

Harry did not monopolize Ellis, yet it seemed tacitly understood in the village that they were lovers; indeed, he was sometimes a sly rogue, and indifferent, or rather, good-natured, as to let Ellis flirt as much as she liked; in fact, his disposition resembled that of the lion, who is said to be so inspired to be thoroughly aroused before he gave combat.

But Harry's most died, leaving him a few hundred dollars, the hoarded savings of a life of toil, and the wise sayings of Abiegiles now confidently predicted that Harry Wilmot would "get into a start to get married, and open a drug store." Great was their astonishment then, when rumor related one morning that the romantic pair had taken French leave of the elaborate Judge, and having had the night mixed with their vows, had set off to make a home for themselves in the far West.

Yes, with many a tear and stifled sob, gentle Ellis Wilde had left father, mother, home, and all the pleasures and comforts of civilization, to live with Harry in a log cabin—and wild, indeed, was the spot that the gay, thoughtless lover had selected. So, mountainous—or as the man he purchased it from, said—"kind of broken;" that any practical common-sense settler would have rejected it at once. But Harry saw with love illumined eyes, here was a combination of rural attractions that Ellis and he for many a weary day had talked and dreamed of—but vainly hoped to find—a spot where true food beams centered in themselves alone could live and die supremely happy.

"Such splendid old trees, Ellis, just what you like; they group together like a park, allowing you to get here and there a glimpse of the green surf—at least they will when I clear away the brushwood. And I have had such a pretty log hut built for you, all of new sallywood. You shall have a garden, dear, and in time a park; and then there is such a magnificent sweep of mountains right before our door, wreathed at noon and evening with gold and amber clouds. You know you love mountains, Ellis; and there is a deep glen near us, too, with a splendid stream of water running right through it."

Wordy and glowing and strong enough in all conscience it was to satisfy the most ardent lover of the picturesque; but little Ellis, poor child, had to call her, was charmed with his description, and still more so when she saw the cabin, got to do him justice, he had not been so deeply in love as to have quite forgotten mundane comforts.

The house had been nearly furnished, and even a little black help had been thought of and hired previous to his wife's arrival. Ellis was delighted at the novelty of everything in her new home; she laughed, sang, ran her rosy fingers into the wash and pulled out the soft green moss used to stuff the crevices, and mischievously twined it into Harry's whiskers; rested herself in succession upon each of the rough pine chairs, which she declared were the very perfection of virtuous embarrassment. She was only eighteen, a romantic age, and yet one in which the wedding garment of the girl are gradually merging into the thoughtfulness of the woman. Though not a wife less sentimental, than Harry, she had been brought up by a careful mother, and possessed much practical knowledge of life, and its imperative cares and duties, than her husband. The second day in her new home showed her the wants of a hundred comforts and conveniences absolutely necessary—cooking utensils, crockery, clocks, &c., which Harry had quite forgotten. She sighed involuntarily, too, as she stood at the door and saw the very small pile of wood that had yet been cleared. There could be no garden there this year, she feared.

But Ellis was a brave little girl, and though she knew that Harry was extravagant, and that when he did work was apt to engage in enterprises he was just as ready to relinquish, she had great faith in his resolutions. She remembered, too, many of the early pioneers, those adventurous ministers of civilization who penetrated into the endless hitherto untrodden, save by the foot of Indian, forests, and knowing that they had all prospered, had been blessed with partners, who were helpmates, indeed—and she resolved to be one to her dear Harry. Not a murmur, therefore, escaped from her lips, and when Harry came in the evening almost bewildering like a green school boy at the sight of his hands, not sickly by the unrestrained smiles, and fondest caresses, she only kissed them and smiles, bathed and dressed.

She had learned something of the sport, and now it proved a most valuable gift, the clothes they had brought with them—which would last Harry entirely useless, as they invariably left a fragment of them fastening on the bushes or sticking to the rough chairs and tables. Ellis, however, with her spinning wheel, though difficult to get at first, were perfect treasures to Ellis, and she and Harry soon made an ample supply of shirts, gowns, and blouses, and petticoats, and aprons. Of the latter article of importance, the sacredness of having a house of one's own, and even in the hill of solitude, Harry's wife took a pleasure in housekeeping. The cottage was kept neat as a lady's bower, and even the coarse cake of wood that formed the floor were kept perfectly scrubbed and white. Harry, to do him justice, was a good husband, and he was, and actually completed two pieces of furniture which Ellis declared were worth all the rest in the house, a bed and board, and a sofa, a really comfortable article, formed of the bark of trees, and stuffed with the skin tightly stretched.

But the work of clearing those splendid old trees proceeded very slowly. The nearest neighbor was twenty miles off, and Harry was not kindly came over and helped him; yet they rather discouraged poor Ellis, who, in her heart and her fitness beginning to swell as the overwhelming nature of her new duties, by saying that none but a lord would have such large land to work upon, and that they just thought they were at the kind of folks to get rich. But Ellis was a brave little girl, it was left to take care of itself, and Harry got along by taking by the week. Growing up, the view of varying and increasing their provisions; sometimes, however, a new trap or his fishing spirit revived within him. The ground remained untilled, but his sneering rifle procured them plenty of wild turkeys, game, which, with the culinary skill of Ellis manufactured into savory and delicious meals.

But she wished her husband to become a real practical farmer, and by degrees she began to urge again to devote his attention to agriculture. Harry promised—but the next morning set off with his rifle in game-bag and rifle, and start for the woods, leaving the poor girl to sit sewing, in lonely solitude, at her cabin door, picturing to herself the difference it would make in her feelings to see her husband coming home with the produce of the day's labor, to having her there, thinking, as the shadows began to darken on the mountains, that perhaps Indians had devoured him.

But an incident shortly occurred that effectually turned Harry of his passion for hunting. One day he perceived a bit sing grazing by the side of a mountain. He determined to have one of the remarkable animal led him a long and arduous chase over the whole ridge of mountains, sometimes stopping almost within range, and scratching with his hind feet, and occasionally turning round to survey in utter unconsciousness of danger; again looking up, would send his piercing gaze around, as if to mark that no enemy was near him. Harry, in his eager cautiously up the winding hollow, and getting bulk in bush barrels, he knew himself to be in the stony ground, and fired. But, to his astonishment, the sing sprang into the air, and bounded at the next moment was at the opposite side of the mountain. The hunter's blood was up; he fired again, and sprang forward in pursuit. He was just in sight of the sing, who, no way dismayed, was leisurely picking his way up the slope of the mountains. He crept forward, and was about to fire a third time, when he saw a bare pallor just on the rough brushwood, but soon to wheat depth—he found himself in a large, dark cave.

Harry's practical sensibility, was now more startled and annoyed than hurt. He held his rifle still in his hand; and the moment he recovered from the shock of the fall, with the instinct of a hunter he took a survey of the place into which he had fallen. It was a large cave, nearly dark, except a pale gleam which came from the sides, and which appeared to proceed from some query inconsiderable opening. A kind of long, narrow pillar jutted out from the wall, just near the opening he had fallen through. Harry surveyed it with mingled amusement and satisfaction. There was a rude resemblance of his guiling up that long, smooth thing—grasping the shrubs, which grew nearly down into the orifice, and swinging himself out; but then he was an expert climber, and it was hardly to be dreamed he just there, for he saw no other outlet from the cavern.

While rapidly making these reflections, his eye had just accidentally lighted on the skeleton. Suddenly he thought he heard a low growl, and a growth causes creeps his horror when he beheld a bear of the largest size, and advancing from the remote end of the cave.

Harry had still his hand on that dreadful hole, all was over with him; no despair more than courage made him do. Quick as lightning his eye wildered through the air. It struck the bone to the skeleton, and he took a means as to arouse him to increased ferocity. Uttering a terrible growl, the savage brute reared upward, and bounded forward upon him on his hind legs. Harry fired again; but, in the trepidation of the moment, he did not take aim at any vital spot, and as the considerable wound only still more irritated the enraged animal. But Harry was in the bloom of youth, and, as we have said, possessed of almost the strength of a Hercules; and rising in madness by the prospect of a horrible death, and the thought that his beloved Ellis would forever regain his body, he threw the gun down, and with a bear grappled with his hands and teeth before he could use his rifle. Already he felt the stunning breath of the animal—a thousand thoughts of Ellis and his little home crowded in brief agony into his heart. With a frantic yell he bounded to the combat. One blow from the stalwart youth, whilst it nearly shivered the weapon, permitted a partial avoidance of that terrible hug—only for a moment. With a howl the bear was once again encased. Harry and his long, keen hunting-knife ready, as the animal, in its struggles, threw itself upon the fire-stone the previous night, he knew exactly where the vital part lay, and he determined to close with him in a grapple, and plunge the knife into his heart. The moment of feeling his wide-strength and energy for the blow; but, as his hand madly forward, parried the thrust by clasping it, and with a yell of rage and ferociousness buried hatred the knife to the other side of the animal.

Harry threw his arms wildly over his head as he fell, and lay motionless by the side of the bear.

They rolled over and over on the ground, but Harry, as indeed was frequently the case, was more being at liberty, his enormous strength had been, and, perhaps excited to madness, with the muscular strength of a giant he endeavored to get at the throat of the bear, and though every stroke of his hunting-knife like a green school boy at the pain of his hands, not sickly by the unrestrained smiles, and fondest caresses, bathed and dressed and smiles, bathed and bandaged them.

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NATURE WITH MAN—MAN WITH NATURE.

Who that looks at the splendid natural advantages of our great city, can resist the conviction that it is capable of becoming by far the most magnificent metropolis of the world? Look at the glorious stream washing either side of it, and bearing on the beautiful environs for health and pleasure—the salubrious Ocean with its billowy surges coming to the homage at our feet—all around us rural districts as fertile as any in the world—and as a climate to the adult, the wonderful boon here belonging to the State of Maine, and the majestic steamer drawing the old continents within such quick reach of economical, moral and mental reach of the imperial fingers of the Queen city. And then the almost unlimited foundation of superb liberties—the number and commodiousness of our churches—the unequaled conveniences of our hotels—the large aggregation both of the intellect of the Union. In view of all this, and a thousand other things, the power National and State government, what a splendid prospect irradiates our future, if (ah! that word!) the people would destroy the cancer sores which are eating into the vitals of the commercial, social, political (in one word) and artistic capital of the New World. Are so many of our streets still to be rent up their rankling wounds?—hundreds of needless mill to rob in our midst, and a better, supported or unbonded?—innumerable nuisances still impudently and flauntingly to assail the eye—to poison dwelling and the holy temple?—a belief by thousands in the impossibility of reforming municipal corruptions, still in progress? Are we to be at least still to deprive us of all hope of a reasonable approach to decadence, order and morality? For shame! With the extraordinary beauties observed on us by Nature properly improved, our town has been properly used, not infamously abused, our city might place a mark of Paradise around the hundreds of thousands of inhabitants, while it died its physical, moral and mental radiance across the Ocean—a synonym to the world.

"NOW AND THEN."

A judicious, unwritten story is told of an honest Pennsylvania German, who agreed that one of his little sons should have the privilege of indulging his own unfortunate habit of "smoking and drinking a little, now and then," and was cured by a most practical harangue, the lazy fellow spending nearly all the working hours with the pipe and the bottle; and the father, seeing from the one, the a whiff from the other, remarked:

"Sometimes my child, you smoke, and sometimes you drink,"

at the expense of his employer, and yet insisting on it that he was keeping himself honest to the letter, by only "drinking and smoking, now and then?"

What better are thousands of people, who would think themselves insulted, were we to give them the lesson of this story, as "holding the mirror up to nature" for them? As they give their duty up to criminal folly, they try to persuade themselves that they are only "now and then" at it. Spending their money for luxuries injurious as well as disgraceful, when child and wife are in need, they reply, that they only thus gratify their false appetites "now and then."

So with other bad habits, such as swearing, gambling, &c. To hear the apologies of the indulgers, you would come to the conclusion that they were wondrously proper people in every respect—in fact, almost paragons for temperance and self-control, while they are really the victims of vice and folly, their "now and then" making up the sum total of their worse than wasted lives!

THE WAKE OF THE HOOP.

The "drove-hoop" is on the wane—not in size, but in fashionableness. The fashionable hoop of one to fashion are discarding hoops. On the other hand, servant-girls are fast becoming rapid on the subject, and dislike with fearful ring-around-a-lasso. The more vulgar the custom with any people, the more do they cling to it. Hoops are, in the social scale, you are imperilled by the rolling crush of the hoopskirt of ignominious patterns with which so many fashionable females delight to cushion themselves. Barring the excellent example to which such an absurdity might give occasion, the prospect for the future of the hoop as they will soon put an end to it altogether.

THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

The ladies of the United States are making immense efforts to raise funds sufficient to rescue the Tomb of Washington from the greed of private speculation, that it may be kept forever as a rich sacred in the memory of the "Father of his Country," without let or hindrance to every visitant. This is a most praiseworthy undertaking, with which every woman in the land will heartily sympathize. A dollar-subscription entitles the subscriber to a life-membership in the "Mound Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union," in whose charge the Tomb and two hundred acres of the adjacent grounds will be placed.

WOMAN AND ART.

While the Lassars continue to chronic maddening under the sound of many case of the day, when success is entirely subversive of the real interests and true career of women, its game here weekly witness of its belief in the strength of her mind, the beauty of her mould, and the grace of her character in urging on, with man, the gallanded race of art and the moral progress of the race. Outside of the departments of exercise allowed by the idiosyncrasies of the Lassars, we always hail with joy the success of woman in publicity. No one acknowledged the immense present merits of Rosa Bonheur with more alacrity than ourselves. In art, with its delicate expression, spiritual sensibility and graceful appliances, we see a wide and glorious field for woman. Why not have Hemmans, Edgeworths and Cayes with the pencil as well as with the pen? Until quite lately, we are aware, but few thought woman capable of high art: aside from very modern proofs to the contrary, a late glance which was given to plastic studies in the past corrects the error. Fifty women became immortals mention of Timarete, one of whose pictures was exhibited at Ephesus. Cirrene, Aristarete and Calypso flourished as female artists in the time of Alexander the Great. To the latter is attributed a beautiful little picture found in Pompeii—A mother, apparently dead, caressing her daughters." A lady named Laya, who flourished about one hundred years before Christ, gained reputation as a painter of female portraits, and by many is regarded as the precursor of all miniature painters of modern times. Sabina, a Roman lady, practiced the sublime art of sculpture in the commencement of the Christian era. Pausias, of Von Steinbeck, the famous artist of the cathedral of Nürnberg, returned to her grave at the very essential part of his stupendous undertaking. Of the two lovely statues by the Apostle Zeno, in sculpture, are the following lines in Latin:

"Say the graces of God fell to thy share, Sabina,
Whose virtuous heart beyond thy beauty soared in the hard stone."

When Sabina attended to see the statues deposited in their niches, Hadrian, himself, with all the high priests, came to meet her, and placed upon her brow a garland of laurel, consecrated by their own hand. Of the illustrious Angelica Kauffman, and many other female artists, we have no room to speak, and for the same reason we must, for the present at least, omit mention of a country woman who is now in Europe pursuing with the most prodigious genius for expressing high and lovely sentiment, and with a success which has made her the beautiful Parisian, from whose quarry the glorious sculptures of the Louvre and every part of Paris charms the world as it embodies the emotions of piety or the grandeurs of heroism.

"GOLD!"

No sound on earth will arouse attention more quickly or thoroughly than the cry of "gold!" The intense and all-pervading excitement which has followed the discoveries of gold in various quarters of the globe, from Australia to Russia and California, has given abundant evidence of this.

The Fraimist has declared violence to be better than gold, and it is true that the most highly cultivated mankind agained bullying on it as a foundation for spiritual worship; and beheld what power very gold holds over the race! As for their "wisdom," the more sensible it is, the more surprised we are sufficient to destroy it, and fill their minds with folly and wild dreams. Even the Philosophers of Paris fever has left sudden memorials of its wonderful sway—ago, the most powerful studies ever, reaching to the present time, and piercing many a heart with home and heart to the center.

And now the magic word of "gold" again, as it comes booming from newly discovered placers, has set the whole country mad—from their cure at the mouth!

All the announcements that "gold" had been discovered on Fraser river, wiseacres, in editorial closets, essayed to demonstrate that the difficulties of access by our people were wellnigh insurmountable. And yet we already see announcements of steamers and sailing vessels "direct for Fraser River." Such is the indomitable enterprise and energy of people who acknowledge no word as "impossible," or fail, in any such case as this.

As we watch this new movement, we cannot help experiencing mingled and contradictory emotions. Some of these proceed from the belief that the cupidity of the multitude is destined to be exhibited—distinctively and characteristically as "Yankee" as it is—for the sake of this unsettling and demoralizing effect upon the young.

VAGABONDISM!

That is a word which we dislike much to encounter—much more to write. Sadly as it should be used everywhere, there is a spot on earth where its intolerance of it in this country.

America is a land of freedom, on God's broad and beautiful earth, where vagabonds should be found as little as possible. Here, where there is room and to feed for affection, and such great freedom of choice and action, vagrancy, in every form, is a utter contradiction to our whole political policy and our practical life.

We speak, now, of vagabondism in the widest sense of the word—of those who neither labor, and are wont to wander about from place to place, moneyless and friendless, as well as useless. Were these the only vagabonds, they would be bad enough to go their way as "walking epistles" of warning to all tempted to follow in their footsteps; but they are not. The young man who stops on a journey, and, by his dress, manners and conversation, for which the carriage of another's head and hands have paid, and then leaves the bill to be paid by the next, is, in principle, as much of a vagabond as the wretched creature who struggles and sprawls on the hard planks of a police station, and begs or sponges, his food from industrious men. For objectionableness of character, the former may be vagabondism as homelessness. This should not be forgotten by the young. Let them study character, that, with no life-object, the vagabond would be not less damning to himself, his name, but rather the more, were his father a Crœsus.

DON'T DO IT LADIES.

Don't treat men who give you their seats in cars, omnibuses, and horsjacks, with such studied impoliteness. Look grateful, whether you be poor or good-natured. "Assume a virtue if you have it not." And when a passenger leaves a public conveyance don't at once spread your skirts to their greatest amplitude, as the gentlemen who had got up to give you seats cannot sit down and rest their weary limbs. Don't look as cross at each other when you have to "move along" to give each other seats. Don't do it ladies. Be amiable, be agreeable, be lovely, and then you will be beloved.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Effused according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Rose Eytinge, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

NOTES OF A SUMMER TOUR.

NUMBER 1.

If there is a feeling akin to Heaven, it is to breach home after a long journey. And this I take to be quite consistent with a keen enjoyment of all the beautiful things and places one has seen in the journey—ays, and people, too. To be sitting in your own dear old chair, and look your slippers across the room; to talk without being overheard; to have the privilege of saying just how absurd you —for this promiscuous hotel-feeding is repulsive to the human nature—is a luxury which I can fully appreciate on this point, but it seems to me as great an individual gratification as to admit the same number of people to see you gracing your table for dinner. That keen appetite with which it is one of the delights of travel to sit down to such bounteous of food with such a menagerie of fellow beings, I am sure, is a sufficient offset to the charm.

The first place we visited was Saratoga; don't be frightened. I leave "New York correspondent" to enumerate all the wonderful and equally fabulous accounts of fabulous folks, and the number of their lovers, which will ever be found in Saratoga, and confine myself to the matter of three trunks. I am not going to venture on so hackneyed a theme, but to tell you how we made our bags as anywhere else—simply our mutual dress and the dress of the people we met during the spring—the grounds—not the peacocks that flaunted their gaudy plumage in the sunshine. The pretty girl do the bumble-dingle for visitors, instead of the matter-of-fact jaded and brazen who is now to be found in the hands of the Congress. We stepped into a shop opposite the United States Hotel, and got beheld what appearing the wakes performed by millinery; the crinoline adjuncts of those wonderful creations of charms the world as it embodies the emotions of piety or the grandeurs of heroism.

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CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

Gudlier, Mahe, is celebrated, as we all know, for his great universal powder, derived from the Cobonee Coste, a tributary of the Kemobeck. This powder is applied to the manufacture of paper—the parent-cags of which are stacked in warehouses or spread over large tracts of ground around the mills. They are composed in alip-lands of old clothes, collected from the living and the dead—from Hindoo rags and Malta—from Greek and Mamelukes—from beggar, and—the swaggings of men, kids, and women, &c., which the Arabs have plundered from the remains of centuries; yes, from mummy-cloth, from graves yard and pyramid, across the useful treasure to be manipulated by a New World's hands, and as last to be impressed by the Press, and thus to be scattered to all the New World's destitute! "How little," exclaims a correspondent of the Festival of Commerce, "did the old Egyptians think that they were piling away stores for the future use and accounts of Turkomans, and that the linen folds which so carefully inculged their lady dead would one day unfold the interesting and highly-colored paper on which Bonner prints the New York Ledger?" In the two great papers—"Rotunda & Hardy," of Philadelphia, and "Great Falls Co.," thousands of reams are monthly turned out for the Lawrenceburn Examiner, Louisville Advertiser, and Herald!! "What a destruction to both the governors of the Parnassus, and those of sacred halls, holy crucifixes and pious cats, and mingling them with vulgar old clothes of the most wretched of modern Egyptians, to offer them to the other side of the world—to a land which Pharaoh never knew, and where they are gifted then up to the music of rag-wheels and the whirl of the Hydraulic Cooly," cries the same reporter. But we see no desecration in the matter; on the contrary, a grand evidence of the march of intellect and the progress of the Race! And, if Pickney was as good a fellow as he might have been, we think his ultimate fame would be in seeing his perfumed linen put to excellent use in the copy of the New York Ledger.

PAYING FOR APPEARANCES.

Deceptive as appearances are, according to the proverb, every people pay dearly for its keep up their cognition.

Dress, for example, hundreds of families have gone to watering-places, during the season just closed, for the benefit of health, who have left them their acquaintances as well as themselves with the only really did it for the sake of appearances. In so doing, they paid a dear price, in many instances—that price being their health and their peace of mind, in the long ill-spent months. How many did we say? We fear we might, as to some of them, change that expression, and say "their credulous" money," with much greater accuracy of truth.

Others have paid dearly for appearances in a different fashion. We refer to those who go to the springs." They were too prudent and economical to do that with their last dollars, or to borrow the necessary money for the trip, and, in the expense of long suffering butlers, butchers, bakers, tradesmen, or washer-women! They sold a house, like their unpretending, industrious credit-ors. Could we carry out the parallel, and say that they imitated them in other respects, it would be still more to their credit. But we cannot go that. Why we cannot, the seemingly empty dwellings, along the more fashionable avenues and streets of the old and other fashion-crowd cities, will bear odd all experiment observers. The servants, who lovingly guarded the "fine house," "Out of town," at the bidding of the self-imprisoned inmates, were only eclipse it. They shut all communication—victims of a false pride and slaves to fashion as they were—from the world, and kept appearances with evasive silence, or a shrinking lie, for which conscience will smite them in the future, as the last dangle of the vain being lifted.

Alas! for human folly.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

Human nature is grasping. It is also lazy. It likes to get as much as possible for nothing, for the smallest possible outlay, whether of labor, time or money. And it knows where lumps of gold, or nuggets—values of a false pride and slaves to fashion as they were—from the world, and kept appearances with evasive silence, or a shrinking lie, for which conscience will smite them in the future, as the last dangle of the vain being lifted.

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THE BEST DISTINCTION.

The trade of the politician, in this country, is getting more and more a low and despicable one. Office no longer confers exceptional social power, and consequently, genuine distinction upon the possessor. Nobody runs to "see the Governor" now-a-days and even "The President" may travel without being obstructed by public homage. The personal qualities and possessions and achievements of the individual are what now give the best distinction, and the most lasting renown. To be held in honorable remembrance by the world, a man must now be useful to the world. Mere ornamental qualities no longer catch the eye of intelligent and lasting appreciation.

WIT AND WISDOM.

GENERAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER.
BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Take care of number one, says the worldling, and the Christian says so too, only he adds that the best way to secure our own interests is to look after those of others; that honest prudence also must be full of disinterestedness, and that by having constantly these ends in view, there is no necessity practical thereabouts. It is much easier this world to say what we have learned to say good, than that all men are good from habit.

It is proper to salute the thought of other writers; almost every author is a Spartan, being more ashamed of his discovery than of his depredation. Yet the other day may not be so intimate as the manner of concealing it, for both are sly and tacit, but the latter, before and before those they have pretended. Others again give no credit to their predecessors, and are ashamed of their life and spirit—and this is odd enough to be original.

More females will forgive a liberty rather than a failing. If your woman wife is born a slim habited by nature, although it is not your fault, you have a new man to love; but, if by carelessness and failing and the gesture, there would be no mending her late.

Correct in the law of one description of fault, and fashion of another; but the two are not necessarily to be grounded in the judgment of the same. The one does not go to the pen, and fashion to the present; but both are perfected to suit the time.

That strain of Thermopylæ were defended by sixty brave hearts—men, too, not in old enough to be in advancing a dance, we should treat rather in the form of a dance, and not in the form of a dance for they be, in that few be inconvertible.

Hypocrisy, in the beautiful image of the caterpillar, says, in the pod-tent, "I am the bright eye, and pod." We are reminded by this image of a lesson that their wives, though in cares, turn up their long bills and say:

"I know I am a perfect bore in my manners," "I know I am a perfect fool in my dress," "I know, you are not, John; you have never laughed me yet. You are not a man of taste."

"I don't think you need trouble yourself to visit me any more, Mr. Smith, Esq.," "I had better visit you as long as you are in danger" "Oh, sir, I am not a man to be trifled with."

The not unlikely that a virtuous young lady will be found to be a virtuous young lady in the morning herself blushes when the first appears, raises sin in the evening.

It is said there are two thousand hundreds and two thousand thousands of people in this country every prospect of success. The lock must early broken in since the world is old.

Some satirical wits and humorists laugh at their own unfortunately, which is wrong. A society of wit we cannot afford to part with anything, and sith it is wrong to laugh at what we have not.

Titles are properly the insignia of wise and foolish men. The first is worn when the last is forgotten.

Those who dilate upon their glorious ancestry are foolishly vain of a debt which probably they will never be able to pay.

When men of fashion go to places of grandeur, they fight to wear the dress of the country in which they visit.

Those governments which do not catch evils are chargeable with causing them. A sick house is a bad place to live in.

Wisdom to change friends is uncommon, treat them with kindness.

Those who would metaphysics make use of more tools than all the rest of the world put together, and yet do not work.

Never owe any man more than you are able to pay, and never give any man more than you are able to lose.

Very few are still wind grave in some regions spontaneously. We believe that wit and sin always agree.

An epigram is a toy which enables a common mind to think it has a mind above the common.

Wit in a dancerous tool. It may tickle, but cutting and stabbing are its more legal power to do.

That sheep in the meadow and the ermine in the palace are clothed upon the same principle.

"Have you read my last speech?" said a vain man to his friend. "No, sir," was the answer.

When we men get as tight as the ladies' corsets, we shall be as much in need of support.

That loud coverings that the ladies wear now-a-days are inscribed false hoods.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A boy living in Orange county, in the State, has been missing from his home for about one month ago ten years old. Having what he thought the "alarm" of a new country, he left his home in search of a fortune near by, he sought her in his arms to flee. Just as he shot out, the two-horse team came down the hill at a furious rate, but her arms floating out upon the wind the rapids began to roar, and the boy was carried over the falls. Just as he was about to sink for the last time, he caught a log, and the log got a side and rolled him, exposing every moment to see his arms working in the water. It is then found that she had not been hurt at all—struck by the log.

A party of gentlemen from Providence, under the guidance of Mr. Sherman, recently made a very fine sketch, in the course of a few hours, near a place called Pleasant Valley, in the State of Utah. It is a small cañon that ray, height twenty-five cubic yards of cement, and the whole of the work was done by the party, and before reaching it he left in the grotto of a small cañon.

Mr. Jefferson Richardson, a young man living near Cincinnati, was killed on the Ohio and Mississippi railroad near Rockwood, Ky., on being arrested by a constable, who had a warrant against him for debt. He struck his assistants, and killed three of them. One of the brothers of the murderer was killed in the affray, and the other died of wounds. The murderer escaped.

A correspondent of the Boston Post says that one escaped about fifty miles from Salt Lake City, was suddenly surrounded by a band of Indians, and taken prisoner. Three of the soldiers were dreadfully torn before the Indians could restrain their savage fury, and the body of the old one before she succumbed.

Mrs. Gilmartin, living near Philadelphia, recently died from the effects of her husband drowning into the flood.

A little boy, the son of Judge Donaldson, of Savannah, was drowned, and from the effects of a spider bite.

It is rumored that Jenny Lind intends soon to resume the concert profession.—Dr. Doughty.

RECOLLECTIONS.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Ah! 'tis an in my childhood. Years have passed,
Long years of weariness, since last I gazed
Upon those hills and waters; yet again,
As here I stand, their early memories
Stand in their freshness o'er me, and my heart
Wakes to the sweet, well nestled days that lived
Through all its depths on the bright hour had gone
Forever from remembrance. Once more
Of men, that guided skulking by, and leaving
The train of Heaven's blue lineage. Memory leaps!
With fingers on each other succeeding past,
That help of times for years; and many a shout,
Touched by her enchantery hand, awoke
From the long, dreamless slumber and the shadow
Of sweet and beautiful years lonely fell
Upon the ear of fancy, like the tones
Of some sweet bell, heard in the midst of dreams
Of the dim-twilight scene when the storm
Sleeps in the night-cloud, and the waters breeze
As through the forsaken heaven.

Every scene
Is living with the vividness again of
Of life's departed Hour. Early joys,
In variety, so beautiful, they almost seem
The wild creations of a fairy mind,
Are there, and pleasures are there, among the life's streets,
And bursting at my sight, with a power
I thought had died in from me more. I gaze
On scenes most blended with the hopes' heaven
Of youth and memory, and feel that life,
Though shadowed by the sombre wing of years,
Is not all turned to bitterness. The forms
Who follow, and the light of love is there,
And there the sunshine of the soul of peace
Still grow beneath the noise. The bright stream
Is sounded, and the same hues gleamed in them
In gladness to the sunlight, and to hear
The flowers come on quickly beneath
'Twill flow on in undying freshness and
Deep in the hurried chambers of memory.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.—CONTINUED.

With cautious eyes, the fugitives watched the efforts of Jack, who clung to the broken stone which projected from the wall with the tenacity of youth, struggling desperately for life. More than once as he hung suspended in his bleeding hands, his poor fellow cast a despairing look towards the still distant spectator, and would have refused his grasp, but not a shrinking word from our hero encouraged him. At the sound of his voice, his half-exhausted companion renewed their hopes, and, by an almost superhuman exertion of his remaining strength, he contrived to reach a stone, which projected lower than the rest.

The effort had him time to pause and recover breath.

Meanwhile it was only by keeping their backs to the gates, that the remaining three could avoid the shower of bullets which, with deadly precision, the besiegers continued to discharge through the loop-holes. The incessant had advised his companions to remain under the lee of the rock of assistance, and, pending her, till the last moment; still they kept a wary eye upon the only aperture by which the enemy could ascertain their exact position, and the first moment which that appeared, received a ball that scattered its owner's brains.

There was a loud yell of fury and defiance as the ruse was seen.

Another ended, who made a similar attempt, shared his fate, and, from the crest, steady hand of Mark.

"There is wisdom in all things," says the poet, "even in the trials and sufferings which temper both body and mind." Had Jack not been subjected for years to the brutal treatment he had experienced at the hands of Captain Gall, his powers of endurance must have given way; for not only were his feet lacerated by the sharp points of the projecting stone till the blood flowed from them to time he was obliged to thrust like wedges between the interstices, were his hands, but his nails torn to the quick.

More than half an hour elapsed before the poor fellow succeeded in reaching the opening in the roof, which, after all, was not more than four feet high.

With no effort, which caused the sinews of his arms to rise like strained cordage, he swung himself through, and sank exhausted.

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed our hero, "one, at least, is safe!"

Mark Rayner now began to examine the means of escape, for the twilight of flame, and the love of his became strong within him, and he resolved to make the attempt.

Richard called to Jack Sanders several times before receiving a reply. When it reached him it was in the form of a low moan, and he answered only by struggling to recover breath.

Here Mark, too, had raised himself about four feet by the projecting stone, fell heavily.

"If the enemy are watching," he whispered the lieutenant: "his weight is against him; for my own part, I shall not make the attempt, but I wish you to try it."

"And leave you to the mercy of our ferocious enemies?" answered Richard; "no!"

The veteran extended his urgently.

"It is for your sake," was the reply; "I can only repeat your own words, spoken the day before we started from Gibraltar:

"'do not recollect them.'

"'We both of us return to England!' said Richard, repeating them, "or leave our bones in India to bleach together!"

Just as Richard Rayner was about to renew the attempt, Jack called to him to desist.

"We are attacked another quarter!"

The answer came in the form of a thickly knotted rope, which the former had prepared in the chamber above, and now let down to his companions, first making one end of it fast to a stone column, which was the principal support of the building to the roof.

The first thing was to draw up the rope, which was evidently intended for the purpose to which they had made it fast; the next, to ascertain if, once in the roof of the tower, to the edge of which Mark cautiously crept.

"Down!" he cried: "they are watching us."

The words were followed by several shots, which fell harmlessly.

Lieutenant Marsh now undertook to conduct their proceedings. Advancing in the same cautious manner that Mark had done, he perceived at a glance the design of the enemy. They had piled brushwood and timber against the gates of the tower, and were about to fire the pile.

Silently he pointed to a large stone which had become detached by time from the parapet, and indicated to his companions, by a movement of the finger, the direction he wished them to roll it.

It required all their united strength to move it; even Jack's was brought into requisition. Just as they got it to the very verge of the roof, the veterans called to them to stop.

"Wait," he said, "till I give the signal."

Several sepoys approached the pile which the rajah—by the advice of Sadlir, who had his own reasons for not destroying the tower by artillery—had ordered to be gathered against the gates; but at the very instant they were about to apply the match to it, the lieutenant pronounced the word "Now!" and the prudence soon fell, crushing three of them into a hideous, unshapen mass.

A scene of mingled rage and despair from the besiegers followed; the besieged remained silent.

Marsh pointed to a second stone; and before the wild yells of their enemies had died away, the resolute Englishmen were quickly dragging it to the required position.

The second stone fell, and with a still more fatal result to those who thirsted so eagerly for their blood.

Then it was that the rajah, turning to the chief Brahmin, declared he would no longer sacrifice his

THE DEFENCE OF THE OLD TOWER.

men to his caprice of sparing the building, but at once open his great guns upon it.

Despite his effort to conceal it, the countenance of Nadir became troubled, and he bitterly regretted having quitted his retreat.

"I will be still no will appear in the course of events."

"If him been consecrated," he said, "to the deities of India, and may not be destroyed without sacrilege!"

"I will erect one far more magnificent," answered the prince, with an incredulous smile, for he begin to suspect the motives of the Brahmin—"if the gods will pardon the crime," he added, "if crime

The old soldier pointed to the aperture leading to the vault below. Despite their courage and resolution, an involuntary indication betrayed itself. Death from the falling roof and crumbling walls appeared horrible enough; but it was more accompanied with the certainty of perishing by hunger and the pangs of thirst, sealed by the ruins in that living tomb.

A terrific crash was heard over head: the first roof had fallen in; and the second was undermined by the superincumbent weight, that it was evident that the next discharge of the enemy's cannon must bring it down.

Mark Rayner held his hand upon the arm of our hero, and bid him to the vault, while, as we before observed, was one of the more massive construction than the rest of the building, which soon other words came tumbling down as if an earthquake had shaken it.

The cloud of dust which pervaded their retreat, we might say grave, for there appeared no possible means of escape, almost choked them; but the wild roar relieved the shock.

"We are preserved," said the lieutenant, who was the first to break the awful silence which succeeded.

"Ye curse," murmured Mark Rayner, deeply ingly.

Jack Sanders groped his way to the spot where our hero was standing, and grasped his hand. He felt resigned, nay, almost content to die by the side of one who had served so true a friend to him.

"Here is my flask," he whispered, "it is more than half filled with water."

Richard distributed it in equal portions to his companions, and then stood for a few moments to take his share.

"Let the enemy regrets at quitting life," he observed, "but it is not the slightest, that I shall never have the means of escape. Such, at present, is my conviction."

"Right," he said, "even here I have a duty to perform, and I will not shrink from it. Although ignorant of much I ought to know, He to whom our supplications are addressed will direct me."

"Let him friends knit and prayed together.

When the relief force behind the downfall of the tower, for not a sound short of triumph and exultation, directed rather to the purpose of the terrified fugitives, than to the enemy, reached the ground, than to their vaults, whom they believed to be dead or maimed by the ruins.

"There fell as brave fellows," observed Sir Charles, "as ever bore the name of Englishmen. Nor have they perished in vain: it is not for me to wife—just as his good man was secured too. Who would have been in such a situation?

The question was not addressed to any one of the party, but Sadlir answered in a low tone, and with startling emphasis there of Dawlish, which made beneath his cowardly heart.

"If I thought," he exclaimed, struck by a sudden suspicion, which he instantly checked.

"If I thought what?" asked Mordaunt.

"Nothing, major; one of those thoughts which, sometimes, attempt our safety. Shall we proceed into cover."

"Yes!" he added, "we are terrible to be exposed."

CHAPTER LXXIX.

RICHARD AND ALL MOVED FACE TO FACE.

On the second night the ryce, faithful to his promise, made his way to the cell of Caleb. Somewhat to his astonishment he perceived that the old man occurred to him the instance of his subterranean shelter. Sadlir, and Gall himself, was absent, and the unbodiless prince, deprived of their head, wandered about the rock-hewn temple, in a state of alarm and confusion, consequently, it was long past midnight before the pay ventured to visit his friend.

The prisoner, who had been counting the hours impatiently, could scarcely restrain his joy when he heard the door of his dungeon cautiously roll back; his heart beat violently, for he felt that the moment of liberty was at hand.

Again, as on his previous visit, Hiram approached his lips to the ear of the youth before uttering a word; when he did speak, so intense was the effort to control his agitation, his half-breathed whisper seemed to wake the sleepless echoes of the place.

"Have you filed the chain?" he asked.

Caleb caught his hand, and directed it to the ring which encircled his body; it was filed through as he had directed, just under the arm.

"How drink of this, O, will give you strength," added the speaker, giving him a flask filled with palm wine. The youth drank it eagerly, and as the invigorating draught cooled his parched lips, it seemed to flash energy and strength in his. He should the necessity arrive, that he could once more make a struggle for life and freedom.

"I am ready!" he exclaimed in an undertone; "prepared for any risk."

"Then follow me," was the reply.

The speaker had brought with him a dress, similar to his own, by the servants of the temple, and silently assisted him to arrange it.

"Lillias," said Caleb; for even in the joy he felt at the prospect of his own escape from captivity and a fearful death, the grateful fellow had not forgotten his fellow victim.

"She is safe and sleeping."

"I will not fly without her," added the speaker.

"There is but one chance of saving her," answered the boy, at last, "and it depends upon our quitting this place. That night shall I fast one day? I have labored at her cell; Rebeda never sleeps for an instant."

"She is her servant," observed Caleb.

"She is her gaoler," was the reply, and there not assist her flight, even if her heart prompted it," said Hiram; "the penalty would be fearful. Besides," he added, "I have labored in her words, and overheard her urging Lillias to listen to the suit of her master."

Caleb reflected for an instant. He had no cause to doubt either the sincerity or truth of what he had related his life to serve him; added to which, the appearance of honest still intervened between the time the banker had appointed to make his last visit to his wife or from the maiden in his power. Once free himself, he might appraise his countrymen of the place of her concealment. Sir Charles Mordaunt and the police that he was not the man to risk everything to save her. It was the best plan, after all, what could the arrest of two mere coolie achieve against a host of fanatics, in the event of a discovery?

"Lead on," he whispered, "I am ready."

The two speakers crept stealthily from the cell, the door of which the Hindoo closed, and carefully replaced the chain.

"Trust to your disguise," he said, "and follow me closely. Look not to the right or left, and keep on the darkest sides of the passages."

The fugitives—such one with the hand upon his heart, ready to defend his life in case of discovery—proceeded through the rock-sculptured labyrinth of vaults and corridors without interruption, and at length reached the last of latter proportion and larger extent than any they had yet entered.

Caleb shuddered as his eyes fell upon it, for although like the one in the sanctuary above, formed of a single stone, and covered with the statue of Mariaise. Fixed to the huge block were fetters of bronze, evidently for the purpose of attaching the victim of devotion to be propagated.

About half a dozen servants and as many Nautch girls, forming an escort, were seated in front of the idol, at the back of which was the cell where the girl of the Brahmin so frequently retired.

Hiram glided like a shadow past his companions, and reached the entrance to it, his person at an instant for his companion. As the latter joined him one of the sleepers awoke.

"Who passes?" he demanded, aloud.

Neither of the young men uttered a word.

"Speak!" added the priest, "is the name of the goddess and her symbol."

The speaker drew Caleb into the cell, and closed the door after him. An instant after and the sound of a gong was heard. The inmates of the temple were alarmed, and Al Mourad and a crowd of females speedily filled the hall.

The absence of Sadlir, whose authority being supreme, directed all things at his will, had left the priesthood without a head. It was near time, therefore, before an explanation could be obtained, for all were asking questions, which one only could reply to.

At last it was clearly understood that the prize had been two persons enter the cell where none save the chief Brahmin ever ventured.

There was a cry of horror, such an act being looked upon as sacrilege by the innermost ranks of the old man's supposed sanctity. Al Mourad, her superstitious fears those around him, tried the door: it was fastened.

"Bring me the means to force it," he exclaimed.

All who heard him shuddered; not one stirred.

He repeated his order, which in all probability would have been equally unattended to, had not a Brahmin, known to be in the confidence of Sadlir, stepped forward. He was a tall, fierce-looking man, and, next to his chief, possessed the greatest authority.

"The Christian prisoner," he exclaimed, "has escaped, and the boy Hiram has been the basest and corruption of his flight."

On hearing this the proposal of Al Mourad was at once complied with, and the door of the cell broken. When those who had penetrated the sacred precincts—sacred at least in their eyes—looked around them, the place was empty. Some around the Brahmin of having stolen in his absence for reality; others declared that Mordaunt had worked a miracle; but the leader believed in neither supposition—he thought only of the escape of Caleb, its possible consequences, and of the terrible look he turned aside, directing its steps towards the prison of Lillias.

For forty-eight hours, our hero and his three companions had been the inmates of the lonely vault in which they had been placed, and, as it were, within a living tomb by the enormous mass of stone which the falling of the tower had piled above them. They were without hope, except that Christian one which our fellow-sufferers felt in the guidance from the skies. The sepulchre was eagerly compiled with, and in a few minutes the blood-relation fluid which circulated and lessened every effort to speak, became languished.

"Why should we make a fruitless attempt to prolong existence?" murmured Mark Rayner.

"Simply because it is our duty to do so," observed Richard: "any hope of escaping from this living death are fated as yours; still I am determined to do all in my power to prolong our existence of lessening the pangs of thirst have already been experienced to us, we can bind the energy of God! It is boundless as His power, and may result in even here."

"Do not let the courage of two brave hearts grow manhood, Mark," added the lieutenant; "we have not yet given up Jack to his sufferings—has he been interred."

"I feel better now," said the latter; "the fire is quenched in my throat, and my head no longer throbs with pain. I will make the attempt that I could sleep."

He rose to say, a similar inclination crept over his companion, who no longer tormented by the fiery thirst which had lately consumed them, soon sank to rest.

The hero of our tale was the last to close his eyes, for he had determined to keep his friend with agony, and bitter regrets.

As he frequently the case after any violent reaction, either of pain or pleasure, the dreams of the sleepers were peaceful. Richard, in his sleep, beheld old soldier declare that he has slept calmly upon the battle-field, and the dying and the dead, and dreamt of home and those who were most dear to him.

No wonder, then, if the visions of the lover were of Lillias. In his sleep, she appeared before him as when in her rosy youth she modest beauty, and he saw her beckon him to advance towards her. Then a cloud, more dense were dark and spiked, seemed to roll between them, and he hesitated; the cloud passed away, and Lillias, with her arms enfolded the barrier, and awoke with the imaginary embrace.

Several minutes elapsed before Richard could recollect himself, and he was not alone.

A portion of the wall of the cell appeared to have been cast away, and he distinctly perceived the form of Hiram, with a lamp in his hand, standing at the aperture. Bolts were armed, and one of them was a large.

Once convinced that it was a reality, and not a dream, his disappointment was terrible. Richard started to his feet and called to his companions to awaken.

"It is Mr. Tyrrell's voice!" exclaimed Caleb, rushing forward and clasping his knees. "Don't you remember me?" added the sailor-boy, in a tone from the Cavalier."

"Caleb, my poor servant," added the spare.

It was some time before our hero could recover his surprise; or either of the party find words to explain the chain of accident and adventure which had led to their present position. Each, when at last they did mutually comprehend them, the hearts of all were filled with gratitude and acknowledgment.

"Who, after this," observed the lieutenant, "can doubt that there is a Providence that rules the proper of the capture has been heard and answered?"

Mark Rayner bowed his head; the words sounded like a reproof.

Not a word was said here uttered respecting Lillias.

It was convinced,"said our hero, after reflecting for an instant upon what he had heard, "that there is a plot and some concerted villainy among and the subterranean den you have described."

"Beyond all question," said Richard.

"There must be," observed Caleb, eagerly; "how else could the daughter of Sir Charles have been carried a prisoner and concealed by Sadlir?"

"Or worse," observed the lieutenant, in the hope of calming his excitement, "the Brahmins may have obtained possession of her person by way of barter."

Richard repeated the word, mechanically.

"Not so," replied Caleb; "there is one who loves her; Hiram knows his name."

"Al Mourad," said the youth, in answer to the question his master's lips refused to ask.

Our hero repeated it, hitherto he had but slightly diluted it, for he had detected the cold and malicious glance with which the wily banker, on

more than one occasion, had cast on him not the fair girl.

As For Jack Saunders, he was already on his feet and examining his revolver. On hearing of Lillian's danger, he no longer felt sensible of pain.

Following the cross, who here the lead, the speakers threaded the narrow, winding succession of vaulted passages which connected the fallen tower with the subterranean temple. To one at least of the party they were supposed interminable. The heart and brain of Richard throbbed with impatience.

"Shall we never arrive?" he murmured.

"Patience," replied the lieutenant, calmly. "Doubt not that Providence which has so auspiciously brightened us; she seldom leaves her designs imperfect or unaccomplished."

With a groan of mental anguish the despairing lover once more pursued his way.

When Al Moorad directed his steps towards the cell of his captive, it was with the full intention of consummating the villany, so ably planned, by an act which angels would have wept to witness, and demons shuddered to record. The energy of Calef had alarmed him. There was a possibility that succor might arrive; and the heartless villain knew too well the temper of her countrymen not to be aware of the desire he might expect if once he fell into their hands.

"At least," he thought, "I will have one triumph over the hated race—the dearest, vengeance can ask or fortune grant."

On entering the cell—and it was the first time he had done so since her recovery—even the coldest nature of the oppressor was touched by the ravages which disease had made in the person of Lillian. Her features were pale as death itself—and were struggling for mastery, and the latter all but victor. The brilliancy of the dark eyes alone remained unimpaired, and they flashed with all the scorn of virtuous indignation, though not unmixed with terror, when she first beheld the personage who self before her.

"Do I leave me," she whispered to the Native girl, who groaned what the visit of the basher foreboded. "I was kind to you once, and you loved me. Pray do not leave me," she repeated, "at least till I am dead."

Kebola hesitated; despite her jealousy of her former mistress, and natural passion for one fresh something like a feeling of pity was awakened in her breast.

Al Moorad motioned her a second time to quit the cell.

"Why am I not obeyed?" he demanded.

"*The chief Rahmin* placed me here," replied the girl.

"*Do I not speak by his authority?*" exclaimed the basher. "Have you forgotten the condition on which he spared your fearful life—forfeit by your love for one who mocked and scorned you?"

The momentary feeling of tenderness which for a former mistress failed in the heart of his hearer.

"Will you insist on my calling you?" added the speaker. "Have you so soon forgotten the doom which a word, a look may work?"

Kebola shuddered at the recollection, and drawing her saffron-colored veil over her features, silently glided through the still open door of the cell, which a word, a look may work?"

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He could not listen it, the brain being only on the outward side.

No sooner did she find herself alone with her oppressor than a sensation of calm succeeding to confidence replaced the terror with which Lillian had previously felt. It seemed as if her guardian angel whispered that he was watching over her.

"You remember my last visit?" said the basher, addressing her.

"Alas! yes."

"And the offer I made you?"

"Hast too."

"Well, then," said Al Moorad, struck by her collected manner, which he could not understand, "I repeat your answer."

"What answer can a Christian female give to such an offer?" replied his prisoner; "it is an insult to have heard, it would do her honor to have spurn upon it."

"You brave me then?" muttered the licentious ruffian, trying to work himself into a frenzy of passion, which might excuse the violence he meditated.

"No," replied Lillian, "I would appeal to your reason and mercy; look upon me—compare me with the girl whom you first saw, surrounded by a loving friends, happy in their affection, in her own grateful heart, basking in the sunshine of existence, and then ask yourself what you have made me. You have deprived me of those blessings," she added, "and yet I am forgiv'n them."

"Forgive me!" repeated Al Moorad, astonished at the tone her words had taken.

"On one condition."

He repeated her words.

"I am dying. Restore me to my friends—let my last sigh be drawn in the presence of them I love, and—"

"Never!" interrupted the Hindoo.

"Let me die in peace, then," exclaimed the captive, with a look of resignation. "Seek not to languish on a broken flower. My presence can be only attempt to sully the last remaining drops in the all but exhausted cup of life."

"What!" exclaimed the basher, mockingly, "abandon the hope for which I have risked wealth, and it may be, safety; resign the habit that has sustained it within my reach! Never; such cold-blooded virtue may suit the frigid passions of your sons—the children of the East are stranger to it."

"Kill me," said Lillian, shuddering at the comfort; "death has no terrors, compared with dishonor. Kill me, and I will call it mercy; a blow, a single blow will suffice. The thread of life is so nearly broken."

"It will hold, at least," was the brutal rejoinder, "till all that I have watched and toiled for has been mine!"

Her persecutor cast his arms around her; and doubtless would have proceeded to put further violence had not the door been suddenly dashed open by our hero, who had preceded his companions. Richard Tyrrell had broken the despairing sight, which entered through the vaulted passage; the next instant Lillian lay insensible in his manly breast, and Al Moorad prostrate at his feet.

"Saved!" he exclaimed, pressing her with convulsive joy. "Angel of purity, look up—revive to bless me with the assurance that you live?"

Lillian faintly murmured his name.

He shuddered were the feelings of our hero by the silence now he had witnessed, that he could for an instant the presence of the cowardly aggressor. Who by this time had recovered from his confusion, and silently drawn a weapon from his girdle.

The sword, however, and the hand that grasped it, speedily felt beneath a blow which Jack Saunders—who was the first to follow his benefactor—had inflicted, severing the arm at the wrist.

Al Moorad uttered a loud cry; before he could repeat it his voice was silenced for ever.

Surrounded by his faithful friends, our hero succeeded in bearing his still senseless burthen through the throng of Brahmins, who by this time had gathered to prevent their escape. Fortunately they were unarmed, and the fugitives succeeded in once more reaching the secret entrance by which they had penetrated.

This time, however, their enemies followed.

The rescued victim of lust and crime was in brave hands, and had been borne to a place of safety. Jack Saunders, when he recognized her pale features as the lay more like a corpse than a living thing in the arms of her lover, forgot hunger, thirst—all but the desire to be employed. Intensible, the lion's hurry, if not the lion's strength. Not a Hindoo braved a second blow; and when his sword broke in his blood-stained hands, the stoic of his revolver told with fearful execution.

But the moment Richard Tyrrell and the lieutenant title.

"Where will this passage lead to?" exclaimed the former, when he found they had entered a different path to that they had quitted.

"No matter where," replied our hero, greatly excited. "Heaven is visibly on our side, and will direct our steps."

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

SECOND THOUGHTS BEST ;

OR LOVE CURES LOVE.

BY AUGUSTA HERBERT.

It was genuine love that I felt for Roger—genuine, unforgetting love. I couldn't keep him out of my thoughts a minute to save the nation, and the fact of his passing our gate would set me all a quivering from my hair-pins in my book. Many and many a shake I got from my faithful aunt Molly, who knew everything about the matter even when it was all owing to Roger that the minutes were such a long time passing, and everything but him, and his sayings and doings. It was a sad time for me, I'll tell you, when I was only just eighteen, and that young people—not to mention middle-aged folks—are very fond of making fun of love, and ought not to have made so much of me as he did, for I was only a little girl, with such young and old, and do what pleases them best, but we will suffer by it. It is according to reflect that they will certainly be dealt with accordingly in the next world—by-and-by—by-and-by.

He made much of me in order to move the jealousy of Hattie Barron, with whom he was very much smitten. This I did not suspect. Indeed, I supposed that Hattie was engaged, or about to be, to my friend Jane Brown, for they had long devoted to her.

Hattie was a beauty. So was Roger. I fairly doated upon his sunshiney hair—such a startling second half so fair and loveable to me as the first half was forbidding—shadowed with the most quisite features of the youth that I loved. There was a sweetness in his mouth and rosy cheeks that gilds the object of the heart's strongest love. I used to dream about him, and think of him in the most like illuminated pictures that like human and holy beings. Her flesh was as soft and white as possible, her blue eyes rolled in liquid beauty, her hair was of the most silky texture, and her arms and were full of dimples, that played hide-and-go-seek among the rosy, soft and white, of which Lillian had pretty shell. It seemed as if her guardian angel whispered that he was watching over her.

"You remember my last visit?" said the basher, addressing her.

"Alas! yes."

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Hattie; but without making the slightest explanation, Roger, when the appointed day arrived, went off with Hattie, leaving Jane and me to accompany each other, or to remain at home, as we liked best. As we wished to see the end of such a proceeding, we went to the pic-nic. And we were both entirely satisfied, and convinced that our hopes had been cherished in vain.

"This looks sad!" remarked Jane emphatically to me, in the bus we very pale, and I knew that his heart was being wrung with the same distress that seemed tearing mine out from my bosom. "I don't look forward to hoping and can be kind myself among the men."

"What a miserable day was that. I wish that it was in my power to hinder any other human heart from undergoing the wretchedness we did that time. Oh! how unreasonably I prayed that I might die. Even from the bottom of my soul I felt that there was no longer anything worth living for. The gay voice of Roger was wafted to my ears, as I lay stretched upon the grass. I was afraid that he was coming that way, and not for the world would I have had him see me crying. Crushing my malevolent in my hand, I hurried silently further into the thick of the wood. Here I remained until I felt that the party missed me, and by-and-by my name was being shouted out. Then I was obliged to come myself. Jane at once came to my side, and as I requested it, he escorted me immediately to his wagon, and we drove home at once.

Not six weeks were exchanged by us during which time Roger and Hattie were married. I saw me from the wagon, the warm and hearty pressure of his hand, and heard his gay voice, as he bade me good-bye on taking leave.

"Why don't you look alive, Jane?" said Aunt Tabby, alarmed as my disordered appearance.

"I am sick, aunt," I replied; "and I am going to bed," was my reply. My groom away followed me up stairs, half an hour after I had left the table. I was not sick, in spite of my protestations that I did not need it, she obliged me to drink.

Before I had time to think, I was in the sight of my idol, the sound of its voice, the mere thought of which was singular and delicious to me. Now more than ever desirable and beautiful, how exquisitely fitted to be my husband! I was sure that was lost to me forever.

And I knew that James also was enduring this same misery. "Poor James!" I often sighed, purely from pity.

Roger and Hattie were married, and removed to Indiana to live. I never saw either of them from the day of their departure, and that was now forty years old. I stood in a retired and thin corner of the church, and felt that long hour they would not be able to distinguish me in the gloom of my retreat, and so I did not fear to keep my eyes constantly upon them. I was not the nearest to where I stood. How sweetly she looked, as the gentle groom supported her tottering form! I gazed upon her, how careful he was of her, how he adored her! Oh! my God, my God, my heart was ready to be broken, and my poor heart, rent with agony, would have burst, but that I knew that I never! Must I hope to look on you no more? Oh! Roger, Roger, are you not to me?" Alas! I did not speak, and only a few months before, so bright, young face, the light of the world vanished from my life. Roger was married, and I was married and went rattling out of the depot, I threw my head on my arms toward the door, and cried about, "Oh! Roger! Roger!" fell fainting upon the floor.

People—folk for me. Many understood what was the matter with me, and I was ashamed, and had just departed.

Jane was a faithful home, and I never set my feet outside of our garden gate again for five months. I would not go to church even; my pinched face and thin figure would only have attracted attention.

The truth is, I had made up my mind that I should never again know happiness, and I did not feel inclined to make much joy would be a miserable face. I would remain within doors. I so resolved, until my time came to be carried out in my grave.

There was but one person in the town that I knew, and that was Jane's mother, a widow lady with. That was James. He born his sorrow much more slightly than I did. Nobody did not see him, for me, it seeded but the language of his expressive face and eyes.

He came often, and more often as the months went on, and he began to seem more and more upon my grief. He told me that I ought not to destroy myself by such sinful religious. He said that James was good, and pure should never be loved to prevent present peace and happiness.

"Are you happy?" I asked abruptly.

The question caused him to smile. "I am because I am not sad," he replied. "And you also, if you would allow me to contribute to your happiness."

"Wild did he mean? That I guessed what, the last rush of blood in my temples proved.

"Was it possible?" he was the last word one so fair as Hattie, could ever dream of loving me?"

"I am not happy," I said, "and I recommend you—don't speak another word now. I—I don't know what to say to you. I am overwhelmed, and am shivering within me. Please don't be offended, but I wish you would go home!"

"Not unless you ask me to," he said, rather gravely. He arose and took his hat.

I felt a great load was taken off my heart at the thought that I had, perhaps, offended him.

But I could no more look at him than my hands. He took them readily, and in answer to my looks rather than to any words, said—

"There is no hope for me. Try and look on the bright side of life. I will come again soon, if you please to."

"I do," I said, and he left the house.

But he came again very soon, and I then learned that he loved me, and wished to make me his wife. It was some time before I dared to give him the encouragement he asked for, and before he was still too distinct on my heart. But, as James was so much in earnest, and so sure that I was his, as was another's now; it was less folly, if not worse, to long for what could be his, than to remain in the role of my new lover. Reason, however, isn't always the strongest power, and love and hope and fear to give me pain. There was a noble excellence in my lover, and I had finally supposed Roger to be, was the accepted suitor of Hattie—the cruel Hattie! Yes, the cruel Hattie; for not only was she aware of my intense affection for Roger, and of his mean and dishonest efforts to increase and draw out that affection, but she had herself been acting a part as base and heartless—she had given the noble and ardent James every reason to believe that he was the choice of her heart. James had supposed that Roger was betrothed to me—our surprise was equally great when the new engagement became known.

There were arrangements made for a pic-nic party. Roger had invited me. James had invited

sought my love from selfish and sordid motives; the former was, as all as once I heartily believed, my lover in all sincerity and generosity; and, as I yielded to the gentle force with which he drew me to him, happiness—a never and better, a more assured happiness than I had ever known—came flooding over and through me, and I lowered my head upon his bosom, and gave myself up to a transport of happiness and joy.

How strange, how inconsolable are the ways and the emotions of the human heart! A week before this time I had supposed it impossible that I could ever be delivered from the cold clasp of misery; now, here I was, revelling in the warmth of a new love. *Miracles are daily wrought in the course of every life.* We come of us know when, in us, not what is before us, nor what we are capable of, until the Lord shows it all to us. We are a little quite correctly of our own selves, nor does our fortune ever all comes to we expect it. We seldom see such pleasure, we seldom endure such misery as we apprehend. But the day of my mourning was over. I became the wife of James, and every day of my life I thanked the kind providence that had kept me from giving myself to the man I loved. He was all that my warmest heart could wish. Each day I loved him better and better. And each day found me more heartily satisfied that he only was the true mate of my soul. Years passed away, and that first fervor of his blood cooled in me into a mild, tranquil devotion. I doubted not at the thought that, had God given me my choice, my husband would have been the same. I have known the joy of being the loved and honor

"THE WINDS ARE SIGHING, CHARLIE."

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN

The winds are sighing, Charlie,
Sighing often music o'er
With a haunting tone that's the sweetest now ones
have ever known,
Where we'll wander nevermore.

The birds are dreaming, Charlie,
Dreaming of the sun to-night,
Where the flowers in the moon will bring
The sweet of summer's light,
And thy soul shall be wafted upward, too.

The stars are smiling, Charlie,
Smiling down on you and me,
But when I pray to-night, dear boy,
And learn even gushing, Charlie,
Like a stream's heart's wild rest,
I'll pray for you, Charlie!

Sighing often music o'er
With a haunting tone that's the sweetest now ones
have ever known,
Where we'll wander nevermore.

THE SMUGGLER'S CAVE.

FROM THE PAPERS OF A REVENUE OFFICER.

BY STUYVESANT CUSH, JR.

For more than a year our revenue vessels upon the sea, and a posse upon the land, had been in search of the smuggler, Ralph Morwood; but he had eluded us at every step, and still carried on his illicit trade in spite of us. We knew that the northern part of Westchester was flooded with rum and brandy of his smuggling; but the people along the coast were all friendly to him, and kept him their assistance. Finally we learned, through careful spies whom we sent out, that his main place of entry was somewhere on the eastern shore of Westchester, between the Wash of Sawpit Layne and Westerland, and, furthermore, that he had a great quantity of contraband liquor stored near the coast.

After considerable consultation, it was decided that I should go to the place into my own person, and ferret out the depot of the smugglers if I could. I had not been long in the place when my enemy had failed; but perhaps fortune might favor me, and as I could be permitted to call for me as many men as I wanted, and I selected thirty of the most reliable that I had been under their way to Lancaster, and there remain till I should call them. I hesitated then not to go in company, but to travel in disguise, as I could not be sure of his own, and not travel together after they reached the city, only leaving at the bars such as my assignment among themselves that they could be assembled at the best possible delay. At last I determined, named Washman, was to be their leader, and with him I left the vessel, embarking, so that I could find him at my command.

Three weeks previous were made at Liverpool, and as soon as I had seen my men off—some by water, and some by land—I proceeded to get ready to start myself. I got a peddler's outfit, and then bought a couple of small tin trunks, which I filled with plain and nick-nacks suitable for my description, and having scanned a garb befitting my new calling, I took the stage for Lancaster, from whence I travelled on foot as far as Canford. At this latter place I made some inquiries, but could learn nothing which I had not known before, though I suspected that much more was known than was told to me. I had my trunks slung over my shoulders by a broad leathern strap, and I stopped and sold my wares, and bartered and gossiped at the same time.

A short distance beyond Canford the post-road makes an abrupt turn to the right, while a narrower way leads on by the coast towards the corner of Westmoreland. The latter road was the one I took, for I felt that I was on it. I kept to this, for more likely I should be to learn something of the smugglers. As I left the post-route, its known because few and unfrequented as the people seemed poor enough; but I stopped at every dwelling, and at Lethbury and Bonniford stops at every one. I touched upon the subject of the contraband. But nobody knew anything about them, and some solemnly declared that they had never heard of such a thing in the vicinity of Canford.

I had now reached a point where the road led through a wild, woody and rocky district, and for three days I saw no one, and at others farther off. Where it was farthest from the water there were hills, and valleys and ridges intervening, and where it struck me as being the very sort of a spot revengers would choose for a hiding-place, for among such a wild, intricate mass of rock and wilderness, there must be paths and nick-and-nooks which I then could easily elude any number of pursuers. And, lastly, I knew how much contraband liquor had been landed very near here. But this was not all. I had another proof, and a very conclusive one, that I was on the right track. For it was in the fat details which the peasants made when I spoke of it. I simply knew that they were lied. And I knew more: I knew they must have a purpose in lying. If the smugglers had not been there voluntarily, and had no regular depot in that vicinity, they would not have been so anxious to hide my coming.

It had got to be near five o'clock, and the nearest village could be reached, I considered, in about an hour, so I kept on to that place and spend the night, and then go about until I could get into more positive intelligence. I had just started on with this resolution, when I noticed that a storm was at hand. Heavy black clouds had rolled up over the rocks and hills, and the wind was rising. I could see the flutter of the bay, for a long line of crags and woods was between them and the road; I felt that I could hear the breakers dashing over the rocks, and I knew the sea was not very far distant. The wind which broke into fitful gusts, and large drops of rain began to fall. I hurried on, and ere long had the good fortune to see a dwelling by the road-side, only a short distance ahead. It was a small, story-roofed cot, flanked with stone, with a few dilapidated out-buildings, situated on the left hand side of the way, and surrounded by dense woods. The door was open, and I entered without ceremony, for at that moment the rain came pouring down in a torrent. The only person was an old woman and a girl, the latter being a stout, rugged-looking creature, some sixteen years of age.

I asked if I could have shelter there from the storm. The woman looked into my face with a searching glance, and finally said yes. So I placed my trunks in one corner, and then sat down. I was considerably wet, and feeling somewhat chilly, I asked if there was any spirit in the house. As a sign from the old woman, the girl brought me some, which I found to be pure old French brandy.

"That is something of the right stamp," I said, as I wiped my lips.

"Yes," returned my hostess. "It is some that my son brought up from Lancaster."

I had a strong suspicion that she was lying, but I kept my thoughts to myself, and gave her she consented to get supper.

The storm grew more furious, and I noticed that both the females were very anxious, and that they frequently went to the front door, and looked to the rear of the distant branches. Since o'clock came, and as it still rained hard, I remarked that I should have to remain with them over night. The old woman made no answer, but took up a candle, and led the way into a little apartment in the rear corner, where I found two mattresses spread upon the floor. She said that was the best she could do, and if I could sleep there I was welcome. I answered that I was grateful for any port in a storm, and with a mumbling reply, which I could not understand, she left me. I quickly undressed, and having found some old pieces of sailcloth which had been used for sheets, I covered myself up.

I soon fell asleep, with the events of the day, and the various suspicions which I had entertained, so worked upon me, that my slumbers were uneasy and troubled. I did not sleep long before, when I was awakened by a lull in the storm, and I supposed it was about midnight. I soon fell asleep again, and when I was next awakened, it was by some one's entering the room. I heard a man's voice call out for the old woman, and in a few moments more I heard her reply.

"Hush!" the utlered. "It is first, Ralph?"

"Yes," returned the new-comer.

"Then you've got back safe?" the girl's voice in the hush-room."

"A leger?" repeated the man, with an oath. "What's he doin' here?"

"He's a travelling peddler that got caught in the storm. He'll do no damage if yo let him be."

I heard him mutter, but I could hear no more sentence—two more, at least—and then the door was closed. After this a light was struck, the rays from which shone through the cracks in the partition, and then followed some conversation in suppressed tones, which I could not hear at all, save the track now, sure enough. That Ralph Morwood was in the next room was certain, and it was equally certain that this was one of his regular places. Prevailing I had not been mistaken, and he knew I was astray, and then Morwood replied that he would convince himself of it before he trusted me. A few words more I heard, and then that he had taken up the candle, and as quietly as possible I sank down and pretended to be in a sound sleep. He came into my room, and having raised me to a sitting position, held the light very close to my face, and passed it to and fro. But I made no movement, and he left me. I heard him groan, and the fellow muttered—

"I'll kill him with his own, and there'll be no more trouble! This hellish'll find his brat before he can know he is hurt!"

For a single instant there was a thought of self-preservation flashing through my mind, but before I had made any movement with that thought, I remembered that this might be only another test, and that I must not betray myself. I remained still, and knew that he was treading over me; but he soon went away, and softly closed the door after him, after which I heard him in conversation with his companions.

I got upon my hands and knees, and crept softly to where I had seen the trunks deposited, from which I easily gained a view of the occupants of the other room. There were three of them—stout, hard, rough-looking men—and the fat old woman was with them. It would be useless to note all the conversation I heard, but I will state what I have desired. I learned that the smugglers had a secret place, close at hand, where they stored away all their contraband goods as they were forced to land where they were not safe to sell. That they had a barge on the coast which they must bring up as soon as possible, and that they were about to make arrangements for that purpose.

"We shall be ready to commence at twelve o'clock to-morrow night," said Ralph Morwood, "and you must see our friends in the morning, and to-morrow night we'll start."

Those "friends" I learned, were peasants who lived in the neighborhood, and who had their residence in hauling goods when required. The old woman promised to see them early in the morning, and to send them to Lancaster, and then I heard Morwood say that he should start for that place in the afternoon, and that he should be back in time for the night.

Morwood came into my room again to try me, but I stood the test, and shortly afterwards he and his companions left the house.

In the morning I got up, and eat breakfast with my hostess and her son; but I was very careful not to find myself well, and I learned her that I was never better satisfied with a night's rest in my life. I gave her half a crown, and then slung my trunks over my shoulders, and left the house. I took my way to Lancaster was only twenty miles, and I reached that city by the middle of the forenoon. I found Washman at the tavern where I had left him, and all my men had been notified. It was arranged that we should start, each one by himself, and that in a small wood between there and Canford, where we should rendezvous and wait for night.

At the time appointed we were all together in the wood, and I then informed my men of what I had seen and heard. I described to them the location of the smugglers' hut, and laid out my plan, and then we all went to refresh ourselves with food and drink. Before we had finished, the sun had gone down, and I was ready to start. I had given the night, and ordered that they should follow me at a distance in heading goods when required. The old woman promised to see them early in the morning, and to send them to Lancaster, and then I left the house.

I had not gone far before I found myself in the neighborhood of the cave, and I knew that I was not far from the sea, for I could hear the waves dashing over the rocks, and I knew that the tide was full. I kept on, and at length came to the place where I had left the road, and then I struck off to the left, and entered the woods. I had not gone far before I found myself in the midst of a dense thicket, and I knew that I was near the cave. I had not gone far before I found myself in the midst of a dense thicket, and I knew that I was near the cave. I had not gone far before I found myself in the midst of a dense thicket, and I knew that I was near the cave.

TOO LATE.

BY TAMAR ANNE KIMMINS.

She is dying—her lamp of life is flickering,
Pain is its light;
Her life is but a cruel cheat
Her love's a mockery.
Many with the crags which herald the approach
Of Death's cold grip.

Her pale lips move—she speaks—and bending low,
We hear her say:
"And in vain I wish to see him now,
Before I die,
In bitter agony my love from me departed,
He will not come."

"Tell him his hasty words were harsh and cruel,
That he grieved me,
Tell him that many a weary hour I've passed,
With tears upon my pillow—while Hope would sometimes
Whisper to me,
"Tell him I forgive him all—and forgiveness
And now—Good-bye."
She ceases—and her words—as her drop close
Her darkening eyes—
Then her pure, gentle spirit wings its flight,
To realms of light or night.

Hark! there are footsteps hurriedly approaching
The garden gate—
Cheer they come—her lover comes to greet her;
Alas! too late.
This white-robed form so welcome but to give him,
He comes too late—he comes too late.

HORACE GILMOR.

A LEAF FROM A PHYSICIAN'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

CHAPTER I.

Some years ago I was called upon to visit a patient, at one of the largest hotels of the city. I found a gentleman, scarcely at middle age, whose physician came as a friend to the bedside of the sufferer. Though I soon found that he was interested in his young man than often happens to be in the case of a mere patient.

He told me he was dying of consumption, and I could see that he knew it. Feeling upon his words and emaciated frame, listened to his hurried and irregular breathing, the cough that convulsed his chest, and I knew that all I could do was to relieve his pain, and by my skill to render comfortable the short remainder of his life. I had no power to say more, and my practice would have ended the duties and cares imposed by our relation of physician and patient.

But I left them together with the sympathy and sensibility of temper that charmed me, a deep-seated interest, which I could not help but feel. As I descended the stairs, I sighed my curiosity. There was a strange mixture in the two gentlemen. They were unlike me, and gradually brought me to the same level. We were a good height, and both were remarkable for a fair, and deep sorrow, that seemed a reflection of his own. I had prided myself on my ability to look upon all forms of suffering unmoved and unsolicited, but here I was, at the first interview, drawn into a sympathy with the pain of a sensitive school-girl!

But I left, and locked him, and finding that in his feeble condition the bustle and noise of the great hotel would be unfavorable to his comfort, I called by night that he so much needed, I made interest with an excellent family of my acquaintance, who received him into their private house.

Here I saw him frequently, as I was in the habit of visiting my own family there before the door. My wife, also, hearing me often mention the name of Mrs. Stevens, Sophia Lawrence, and being by beloved by both, and equally loving. The latter was a most gracious creature, and she and the family with whom he was established soon came to love him as a son and brother.

It seemed indeed remarkable that a stranger of whom we absolutely knew nothing save his name, and that of his birthplace and the home of his parents and the South, should so have won all hearts. With regard to his history and antecedents he was reserved, and yet no one of us believed that any prize attached to this mystery.

I had several times offered to write to his mother, who he had informed me was still living, but he had refused my offer.

"She is old, and too feeble in health to come to me," he would say, "and need not be troubled with any failings of her truant son, until she is informed that I am no more. Be patient, Doctor," he would add, "your task will not be long. Before I die I will tell you my sad, brief story, and give you every necessary direction for communicating with the few friends she has left me, and for disposing of my effects."

It was not until ten days before his death that I learned the history of that sleep, rushing across the Atlantic, and the motive which had first calculated to adorn the domestic circle and to illustrate the virtues of the parish, and had finally brought him to the verge of the grave, while yet in the flower of his manhood.

I had been with him in the morning and had found him unusually cheerful. He smilingly asked me if I had not had fun so strong and well in months, and I remember his saying, with a faint sigh, that he might perhaps be recovering. I knew he had no wish to live, so that I understood the sigh, and the smile and just that followed and covered it, as he would hide if I effected a cure upon him, I might advertise myself as one able to raise the dead.

I was not deceived by this apparent cessation of the more violent symptoms of the disease, but I was that I was startled when, on my return to dinner, Sophia Lawrence, I called again. Some great calamity had been announced to her, and she was in a state of excitement, and her eyes were red with weeping. She explained to me that Horace Gilmor had received a letter from his mother, announcing the death of her husband, and that she was coming to the city to see her son. But a violent attack of coughing had seized him, and he was now lying in a state of exhaustion. Sophia, in the large, and was actually bleeding to death, as per blood-stained handkerchief, pale and ghastly face too well assured me.

Restoratives were immediately applied and the hemorrhage soon checked, but my patient lay in a state of great weakness, and utter prostration not easy to conceive by one who has never seen such a case. I thought he could not possibly survive the night, and I should not without leave from my patient to give the directions he had promised, and to mingle the bitter cup of grief with the sweet of his life.

But contrary to my expectations he rallied, and his life was prolonged until the close of the week, which had just commenced at the period of his attack. Two days, as I before said, previous to his death he told me the story I shall here set down. It was told with many interruptions, and in fitful tones, sometimes difficult to understand, but I think I have preserved a faithful record of all that was said.

Horace Gilmor was the son of wealthy parents. His early home was surrounded by the richest influences of luxury and ease—a large, handsome house, from large towns, and separated by leagues of wilderness and miles of cultivated lands from the settlements which constitute the large cities. Though so remote from the busier haunts of men, Mr. Gilmor's plantation was by no means a lonely spot—its cotton fields, and the negro quarters were full of busy life, while the house itself resembled always with the pleasant bustle of a large family, and within sight of its windows and broad verandahs, were two other similar dwellings—the homes of planters like Mr. Gilmor.

Horace was the youngest of the flock, by many years. Perhaps to his birth the eldest son of the family had established himself in New Orleans, and the eldest daughter had married and removed to her husband's home.

It was not many years before Horace alone was left in that household, of all the children of Mr. Gilmor. The lad, for by this time he was nearly fifteen, would often have been lonely indeed, had he not found society congenial to his taste at the house of the neighboring planters.

Each of these gentlemen was father of a daughter nearly of the same age of Horace Gilmor. From infancy the three had been playmates, and their affection only increased with their years. Thus as Horace could have the society of Clara Delaware and Sophia Lawrence, he scarcely felt the absence of his own brothers and sisters, all of whom were so much older than himself as to preclude the growth of that close intimacy which frequently exists among children of the same family.

The twin Christmas and New Year's were scarcely over separated for a day, until the period arrived when it became necessary to send them from home for the completion of their education. Hitherto they had been taught by a tutor and governess for that purpose, meeting for study, alternately at each other's house.

The separation was the first and saddest trial which these three young creatures had ever been called upon to bear. To the two girls the sorrow was lightened by the fact that they were not to be parted—that they were to be supplied the same school, and a nurse with an aunt of Clara Delaware's, who had for years been where the seminary was situated. But Horace was to lose them both, and to go from home the first time in his life, quite alone.

The young man had never been very happy again, at the time they left home, they all contrived, and though they protested, and they would be unhappy without him, they could never be

SONG.

BY THE QUEEN OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

BY WILLIAM IRON WALLACE.

I.

There's a strand upon the shoreless sea,
There's a mound upon the lea;
Yonder by the inland valley,
Where by the ground of one;
Continents are in opening;
World's boundaries are flowing hand-
Hark! the hymns of Peace are blending
From a thousand lands, and say

II.

There's a friend within the heavens!
How it hits on hill and glen,
Through the centuries of God's Angels—
"Peace on Earth! Good will to men!"
Are the songs of Peace and blessing,
Are the shadow of prophets old;
Sweet Jubilee of Love and Union,
Pass away the mystic veil!

NOTES: I for a nursery silence—
Veil yet in a Heavenly sense!
Lines I hear your hands and Bless—
Through heaven, through earth,
Through waves, through mountains,
Through the wide, but hallowed, area—
Send but a thrill the heaven
In the conquering league—Ha! I
Amen! Ugh.

A NIGHT OF PERIL.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

An old and lonely one day with an old schoolmate, whom I had last sight of for a number of years, I learned for the first time a portion of the conversation that he had been a traveling colporteur, but had lately married and settled in the West, turned storekeeper, and was now on a visit to some of his friends in the East.

To some very talented localities which I made, he replied by telling me the following thrilling and romantic incident:

"The life of a colporteur," he began, "is a very hard and trying one. Traveling from place to place, as he does, through the most thinly-peopled sections of the country; laboring like Christ himself to so far as to be with the poor always; selling his religious works where he can—giving them away where money is wanting and he knows a share of their doing good; holding meetings in the wilderness perhaps a hundred miles from any regular church or pastor; visiting the sick; officiating for the dead; endeavoring to reconcile the sinner; exposed to heat and cold, sunshine and storm; sometimes riding the wheels of a jolting float, and often passing the night in the most unhealthy and wretched quarters; continually surrounded by infidels and accidents of the most dangerous nature; now receiving the blessings of the good, and even the bitter curses of the bad; all this, my friend, is very trying to one poor human system, and there are few men so constituted as to be able to hold out in the good work for any great length of time.

"During the few years which I spent in this manner, in what I may call my novitiate in the West, many scenes occurred, which, could I now recall, and had I time to relate, I believe would deeply interest you; but I will not trouble you but one most remarkable one of all, and this one more closely interwoven with my life than any other.

"One cold, gloomy, drizzling day, during the spring of the last year I was still in the capacity I have mentioned, I found myself, near the setting in of night, passing through a long, dreary wood, where for miles I had not seen any habitation. In fact, since noon I had met but a single house and one dwelling, a poor, miserable log-hut, where for myself I had ordered neither a meal nor a bed, though I had not been able to procure anything for my weary horse. Here for I had yet to go to reach a habitation where I could be better fed and lodged, I could not say, and in consequence I began to feel quite anxious. My horse was tired and hungry, and myself cold, wet, and uncomfortable.

"Spurring on my jaded beast, however, in the hope that I should yet find some comfortable lodging on the way, I rode down into a little hollow and descended into a steep, narrow valley, through which flowed a swift mountain stream, and across which lay the narrow road I was traveling.

"It was now getting quite dark; and as I reached the stream and heard the gurgling murmur of the swollen waters, and knew not if it were safe to attempt the ford, I felt quite disheartened, and was half tempted to turn back and encamp as best I could upon the high ground on the hill behind.

"But looking around me, as my poor horse picked up his sure and cautious footing among the slippery stones, I espied a few rods below me a log, and riding down to it, I was greatly relieved and rejoiced to find it projected from a small and comfortable dwelling, which stood back some ten or fifteen yards from the stream, and partly on an eminency that above the level of its waters.

"On knocking at the door, it was opened by a very genteel looking woman, some forty-five or fifty years of age, who, from her appearance and manner, I judged to be in deep mourning. To my statement of who and what I was, and my application for permission to pass the night under her roof, she replied, in a kind and gentle tone, that she would be very happy to entertain me, if I would accept of her humble fare.

"Procuring a lantern, and a small measure of corn for my horse, I led him by direction to the other side of the dwelling, after building a fire, turned him out to graze in a partially cleared field.

"On returning to the house, I was agreeably surprised to find a bright and pleasant fire, a smoking supper well under way, and a neat little apartment with her mother, a young lady some eighteen years of age, whom I at once pleased I considered one of the most beautiful and dazzling beings I had ever seen. She was of the most intelligent, and her voice was one of great sweetness and melody. From the very first I became deeply interested in her—to me she was a delicious flower blooming in a dreary wilderness—and consequently I became more than usually interested in the family history as related by her mother.

"The elder lady was a widow by the name of Arlington, who, some three years previous to the time I speak of, had left her husband and two children, removed from the eastward, and settled in the lonely place where I now found them. Some half a mile above their dwelling, and some three half a mile above that was then a small, but rather flourishing village. Mr. Arlington had erected a sawmill and grist mill. He had just got them completed and in good working order, when, one dark, stormy night, going out to raise the flood-gate, he had fallen into the water, been swept down into the torrent, and drowned, the body being discovered the next day, some two or three miles below. Of the two children mentioned, the eldest, a son, some twenty years of age, had taken the place of his father since his death, and was now away at the mills; and the daughter, the beautiful Julia Arlington, was the one I have already described.

"It was on a night similar to this, Mr. Ivory," pursued the widow, addressing me in a sad tone of deep feeling, "that we were still that great misfortune which time can never repair—for who can compensate for the loss of a beloved husband and kind father? Never do I hear the hoarse murmurs of yonder stream, amid the dark and dismal weather of this night, that my mind is not borne back to that night of all nights of suffering, horror, and distress!

"Julia and myself were sitting here, as I followed when the remains of my husband were brought here and placed before us, as if only for one last farewell ere he should be incorporated to be away with the dead; and I can never forget the wild, shrieking manner in which my daughter, who, for the time, was frantic with grief, threw herself upon the corpse, and refused to be torn away from it.

"Finally I was roused from the widow and her daughter, whom I found clasped in each others' arms, nearly bereft themselves with terror, but insensible to the fact that a stranger was present, by a knock which their bodies floated; and speaking to them some words of comfort, to which I little felt myself, I dragged them forward, found the stairs, and assisted them to the story above.

"By this time poor Julia Arlington had fainted; but the mother, with a slight revival of hope, seemed to regain her presence of mind; and as we both bent over her daughter, chafing her hands, and dashing water in her face, till she began to show signs of returning consciousness, she said to me, with the deep feeling of a fond and grateful parent:

"'May the Lord Almighty bless you for this! You must have been Providentially sent to our rescue; for without your aid, I am certain we should have been destroyed before now.'

"'Alas! and I, somewhat gloomily, as the chilling waters seemed to roar around me more than fearfully than ever; 'we are not yet saved! we are not yet out of the wood; and the good Lord knows what fate is in reserve for us!'

"'God help us!' exclaimed the widow, starting, a few minutes later, as she stood trembling and clinging to her mother and myself, and endeavoring to pour around her in the awful darkness: 'I fear we shall yet be swept away by this terrible flood!'

"'I have no fear that!' I replied; 'but we will rely upon God's mercy, and hope to the last!'

Almost as I spoke, there came a louder crashing and roaring—the smashing of a mass of trees breaking timbers—then a rocking to and fro, like a heavy earthquake—and then a mingling wailing and plunging downward and forward.

"'God help us indeed!' I exclaimed; 'for we are already afloat—already in the grasp of the angry flood—and shall be swept to the sea!'

"Rocking at the light a long, broad level, we all took each other in the most solemn and agonizing embrace upon rising ground, as Noah's ark might have done upon the summit of Mount Ararat.

"Here we remained through the day, in painful suspense, and in many instances self-vexed, and wrecks of buildings which went floating past and heavily thumping God for our own wonderful preservation, and that of the inmates of the house; and we ate the sun of that day set glorious and beautiful, with a feeling of unspeakable gratitude.

"We passed another night beneath the same roof; but on the second day we were enabled to reach the village in safety, and to a settlement in the vicinity, where we were hospitably received, and where the anxious mother and sister were joined by the son and brother, who had supposed them dead and been almost as miserable as one own.

"All dark clouds soon after faded from the acquaintance of Ben, begun amid such fearful and stormy circumstances, ripened into a friendship which ripened into a pure and holy love; and when, two years after, I took my bride to labor for her salvation through that long, dark, terrible night of tempest, flood, and roaring death."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WASHINGTON comes out strong on the "black and white question." Question, as to the reason why the short hour system was not adopted in the days of Washington, and why it is not now? Answer, because Washington was a man of such unconcerned fact that a short story would have been wasted upon him. He was a man of such black soul to manage that white wool, owing to the total absence of the former, and the presence of the latter, consequently; a black thing does not require so much soul as a white one. Washington was a man of such a white soul, that all our readers who are learned in sheep matters, with a single glance, can understand why he was a man of such a large soul.

ORIGINAL.—You must study your hieroglyphics yourself. We would be but too glad to marry a certain woman, about whom you mention. You must introduce the lover to each other yourself, and then, we will. If you doubt her affection, you must prove it by your conduct. If you have been guilty of scandalous whims you imagine to be your road, you should not be surprised at the coldness and indifference you receive. Stop thinking of them that body was at hand, I plunged my fellow downward into some floor beneath the water, and went knocking about in the deep darkness of the lower apartments and furniture, there struggling forward to the point whence came the sound of the human voice and distress.

"The flood was still rising rapidly; it appeared to me that I could feel it gaining upon us every moment; the groaning and trembling of the house at about to be borne away, or come crumbling down, and the cries of the family, were their only salvation for us, our lives depended upon the action of the mountain-torrent, which was now rapidly bearing us to the verge of eternity.

"Rapidly I groped through the widow and her daughter, whom I found clasped in each others' arms, nearly bereft themselves with terror, but insensible to the fact that a stranger was present by which their bodies floated; and speaking to them some words of comfort, to which I little felt myself, I dragged them forward, found the stairs, and assisted them to the story above.

By this time poor Julia Arlington had fainted; but the mother, with a slight revival of hope, seemed to regain her presence of mind; and as we both bent over her daughter, chafing her hands, and dashing water in her face, till she began to show signs of returning consciousness, she said to me, with the deep feeling of a fond and grateful parent:

"'May the Lord Almighty bless you for this! You must have been Providentially sent to our rescue; for without your aid, I am certain we should have been destroyed before now.'

"'Alas! and I, somewhat gloomily, as the chilling waters seemed to roar around me more than fearfully than ever; 'we are not yet saved! we are not yet out of the wood; and the good God knows what fate is in reserve for us!'

"'God help us!' exclaimed the widow, starting, a few minutes later, as she stood trembling and clinging to her mother and myself, and endeavoring to pour around her in the awful darkness: 'I fear we shall yet be swept away by this terrible flood!'

"'I have no fear that!' I replied; 'but we will rely upon God's mercy, and hope to the last!'

Soon.—There is undoubtedly connected with the science of physiology, but in their application there is a wide field for error. In this respect, the reading of the hand of a man differs little in the hands of narrow-minded adventurers, who are incapable of understanding the true principles of science. But one of the "professors" of physiology in a broad sense. Nothing is more important than the principle of accuracy, by strategical examinations. They cannot be too much studied. The man who is not guided by the laws of mental action and the combined and systematic influences of diverse motives to excite them to greater exertion is the true philosophy of the profession of a man's mind. If a man's organ of "self-esteem" be large, they will tell him that he will acquire fame and success; and though he may be such a fool that he cannot distinguish between a man and the beast, he seems to be content, for he will exactly this the original to enable us to understand what you refer to. The two are as follows:

"To them from childhood's earliest hour,
Each scene of grief beguiled,
By sharing in another's woe
Forgot to weep their child.

But 'twas the first to flow away;
Time stanch'd the earliest wound;
To greet me with an old black eye,
To look it round to know me.

And one too, it was sure to die.
To it strange you could not find the time to pore over Mavor's works. They come to "The Five Wordsport."

Ans.—Your letter is not in a style to please us. Besides, it is far from perfection which appeared in a recent number of the Ledger. Your letter is a mixture of the style of Addison, but high and broken, and the broken part has not been taken, and adhering to the true. As what shines from the bottom, we know not how to say. We are a friend of Jackson. For the benefit of the "this fellows" in algebra, we would advise to work out this problem, and we will give you let a equal the distance from the foot of the tree at the time the squirrel started, and let x equal the distance he ran before he reached the hole. Then 20 — x will equal the distance he ran after passing the hole, and the distance of the dog to the north at the distance of 10 feet from the foot of the tree will be 10—foot. Now this gives us two right triangles, two of which is 10 feet, the perpendicular 8 feet, and the hypothenuse 10—foot. Now, if you can work this out, we go ahead and work out the problem.

Ans.—A lady who is engaged to be married should be careful not to offend, or excite the jealousy of, her lover, but she has no business to sacrifice her own feelings, her knowledge and counsel, would be injudicious, and her own feelings, which would be injudicious, and her own feelings, which would be a mistake for the sake of an acquaintance. Such a lover is not worthy a woman's love, and should be discarded. Such a man is not worthy to receive it. On the other hand, lovers should not be jealous, and if they are, they should not be encouraged in their hearts. Girls are so much more pure-minded than men, and more conscientious, that they are apt to be too much afraid of motives which jealous lovers torture into grave offenses. Jealousy is a fault which should be overcome, and the eyes of a friend, not by making any grievous fault, but not appear at all offensive.

Ans.—Your application in regard to Greeley's being a great lawyer. He was, it is true, "called to the Bar" in the days of his young age, when he was twenty years old, after having run a much brilliant career at the university. But he never practiced law, and was never engaged in the affairs and the business of the profession. He relinquished the study of law for that of the press, and was never known as such. The statement of his age in the publication referred to, is a mistake. He was born in February, 1811, and was admitted to the bar in 1832, when he was twenty-one years of age. He was admitted to the bar in 1832, when he was twenty-one years of age. He was admitted to the bar in 1832, when he was twenty-one years of age.

Ans.—Your name is correct in Greeley's being a great lawyer. He was, it is true, "called to the Bar" in the days of his young age, when he was twenty years old, after having run a much brilliant career at the university. But he never practiced law, and was never engaged in the affairs and the business of the profession. He relinquished the study of law for that of the press, and was never known as such. The statement of his age in the publication referred to, is a mistake. He was born in February, 1811, and was admitted to the bar in 1832, when he was twenty-one years of age. He was admitted to the bar in 1832, when he was twenty-one years of age. He was admitted to the bar in 1832, when he was twenty-one years of age.

SISTER OF LOVE.—Your case is like that of most sisters in love. We are quite sorry to say that we cannot, in conscience, advocate your sister cause of the love and kindness and offices of a sister, and not to encourage her in her love affair. We are not prepared to say exactly what we would do in your place, but we think we would not encourage her in her love affair. We are not prepared to say exactly what we would do in your place, but we think we would not encourage her in her love affair. We are not prepared to say exactly what we would do in your place, but we think we would not encourage her in her love affair.

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